HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE EXPLOSION IN THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURGH—SCENE IN THE GUARD-ROOM.—From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch.—[See Page 215.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 3, 1880.

"Harper's Young People has come to be the leading paper for juvenile readers."—*Troy Budget.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 20, *March* 16, *having completed the thirteen issues offered to new subscribers to* Harper's Weekly *for* 1880, *no additional numbers will be sent out with* Harper's Weekly. *The publishers will mail* Harper's Young People, *commencing with No.* 21, *and continuing until the end of the First Volume, which will conclude with the number dated October* 26, 1880, *making thirty-two numbers in all, postage free, to any address in the United States or Canada, upon receipt of One Dollar.*

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THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND REFORM.

The New York *Times* lately said: "If ever a party was fairly and deliberately committed to any object, the Republican party has been and is committed to the reform of the civil service. And we may add that no party ever was more bound by expediency as well as by honor to redeem its pledges." The *Times* then remarks that notwithstanding this fact, it did not find in the reported speeches of Republicans in the House upon the bill prohibiting assessments upon office-holders "even the faintest recognition of the party obligation," and adds that "the cynical indifference" of Republican Representatives to the whole matter is "a blunder which amounts to a political crime." These words are well worth heeding. Far from decreasing within the party, the demand for reform is becoming the first and most positive principle of the younger Republicans, upon whom the traditional issues of the party have a fainter hold, and the number of intelligent citizens who see in the reform the obvious remedy for alarming political evils is constantly and rapidly enlarging. Reform of the civil service is in fact the reform of machine politics, because it is the abolition of the patronage which is the root of political corruption. Eight years ago Republican ascendency was at its height. President Grant was understood to favor reform. State Republican Conventions approved it, and the National Convention which renominated General Grant made this declaration:

> "Any system of the civil service under which the subordinate positions of the government are considered rewards for mere party zeal is fatally demoralizing, and we therefore favor a reform of the system by laws which shall abolish the evils of patronage, and make honesty, efficiency, and fidelity the essential qualifications for public positions, without practically creating a life tenure of office."

This demand for laws to abolish the evils of patronage, and to secure certain essential qualifications, covered the reform, and pledged the party. After the election, however, this pledge was forgotten, and nothing practically resulted from it. There was no reform, nor was the failure surprising, because, as it seemed to us then, and as it seems to us now, the Republican Administration was not prepared effectively to carry out such a declaration, and, so far as we know, none of the recognized leaders of the party were in favor of it.

Nevertheless, the reform sentiment spread rapidly among Republicans. It was quickened by events during the second administration of General Grant, and the National Convention of 1876 reiterated the declaration of 1872, but in a manner so guarded as to be really non-committal. The reason of this is significant. It was that the reform could be treated no longer as mere buncombe, because if the party were successful it was known that the Administration would be held by reform Republicans to some honest effort at reform. This necessitated caution upon the part of the managers. The letter of acceptance of Mr. Hayes, however, and his inaugural address, were entirely satisfactory to Republicans who favored reform. But the vacillations and inconsistencies of the Administration upon the subject, and the surrender of the last autumn by Mr. Evarts and Mr. Sherman to the enemies of reform in New York, were mortifying and inexplicable, although it is undeniable that in proving, at the very head-quarters of the evils of the old system, the perfect practicability of the new, an immense service has been rendered by the President to reform. Indeed, there can be no doubt whatever that if the Administration had grappled with Mr. Cornell at once when, as Naval Officer, he defied it, had pursued its reform policy firmly at every point, and had extended the system which has been proved, so far as applied, to be completely successful in the New York Custom-house, to every Custom-house in the country, the reform would have been well advanced, the Administration would have been more highly respected, and machine politics would have been terribly demoralized. The reason that this was not done probably was that the cabinet was not agreed upon the subject, while Republican members of Congress and Republican politicians in general were as "cynically indifferent" as the *Times* describes Republican Representatives to have been in the late debate. However this may be, the still wider discussion of the subject, and the perfect success of the reform so far as applied, have greatly increased public interest in the question, until now, as we have said, the declining force of the old issues makes civil service reform a paramount question with a large element of the Republican party, including its youngest and most ardent members.

The Republican is the only one of the present parties whose general character and intelligence encourage the hope that it may yet make this reform honestly a part of its policy. The *Times* holds that the party is even now "fairly and deliberately committed to it." But the *Times* will agree with us that so long as the chief leaders of the party in Congress are men like Messrs. Cameron, Logan, and Conkling, and in this State such gentlemen as Messrs. Cornell, Arthur, Smyth, Platt, Dutcher, Murphy, Payn, Patterson, and other gentlemen who, however sound upon honest money and Southern outrages, yet cordially despise reform, the party will be in no sense whatever a reform party. The *Times*, which is a veteran leader in the contest of reform, and which dealt the fatal blow at the most dangerous and powerful political conspiracy in our State history—the Tweed Ring—says, truly, "Though the party may, by the insane stupidity and recklessness of its opponents, carry this year's elections on issues unconnected with reform, the sentiment which demands reform is not a transient one, or one which is likely to become less." Here it touches the very point of the contest which is now going on in the Republican party, and it is not a contest that can be compromised. As new questions become more pressing, and old ones less important, a party must represent the new, or it will be rent asunder. This has been the story of every political organization. The Whig party refused to become a liberty party, and it went to pieces. The Democratic party rejected its free-soil element, and it was wrecked. The party leaders would not see, or they did not understand, the danger signals that were set high and unmistakable. Are there no danger signals flying now? Is the position which the Republican party has taken upon this subject to be abandoned as the Whig party evaded the slavery question in 1852? Four years later, in 1856, the Whig party was gone. It cast 874,534 votes, against 1,838,169 Democratic and 1,341,264 Republican votes. We agree with the *Times* that chronic Republican indifference to the vital administrative evils which demand reform would be a blunder amounting to a crime.

A DISMAL RETROSPECT.

With that droll and fatal genius for blundering which characterizes Democrats at the opening of a campaign, some incautious brother has re-opened the Democratic record during the rebellion, apparently for the purpose of helping the fortunes of Mr. Tilden as a War Democrat. The story of the Democratic party during the war is a sorry tale, but if Democrats desire it, let it be retold. At that time Democrats were of two kinds—those who when Sumter was fired upon knew no politics but Union, and who favored a vigorous prosecution of the war to an unconditional victory; and those who did not. The chief of the first class in New York and in the country was General Dix, who uttered the first famous Union saying of the war: "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Another of this class was Daniel S. Dickinson, who took the stump at once upon the fall of Sumter, and urged a resolute pursuit of the only policy left to patriotic citizens. There were others of the same kind. But the whole combined, persistent, and vicious opposition to the war, which greatly prolonged its cost in life and money, and subsequently perplexed and delayed its natural and effective settlement, came from Democrats. The conspicuous and malignant Copperheads were Democrats. The arrest of Vallandigham was censured by Democrats in New York, and he was made the Democratic candidate for Governor in Ohio. The orators at the fatal Fourth-of-July meeting in 1863 in New York were Democrats, and the leaders in the brutal and bloody riots that followed, which, as we said at the time, and as we still believe, were stimulated by that meeting, were Democrats. The Democratic Judge Woodward, in Pennsylvania, denounced the draft as unconstitutional; the Democratic Governor Seymour, in New York, called upon the President to stop it. The Democratic Mayor of New York, Fernando Wood, who early in 1861 regretted that he could not prevent the seizure of arms for the South, to be used against Union soldiers, cried vociferously for "peace" as the war went on, meaning surrender to rebellion. The Democratic State Conventions incessantly criticised and censured the Administration in prosecuting the war, and the Democratic National Convention, in one of the darkest hours of the struggle, declared the war a failure and the Constitution overthrown, and demanded a cessation of hostilities. The Democratic party, as a party, and notwithstanding the sending of troops to Pennsylvania by Governor Seymour, and that patriotic co-operation of many Democrats which we have mentioned, was practically throughout the war an unarmed and passive enemy. Had the issue been left to that party, the government would have been overthrown, the Union dissolved, slavery strengthened, and the principle of popular government hopelessly and forever discredited.

This is the simple story of the Democratic party in the war; but nothing can be gained for Mr. Tilden or for any other Democrat by denying the familiar facts. The true spirit of the party was shown long before the Republican administration was inaugurated. Its doctrines of the nature of the Union and its real attitude toward a possible and necessary war of self-defense were indicated not only in the imbecile Message of Mr. Buchanan saying that the States had no right to secede, but that the government had no right to prevent them, but still earlier by Mr. Tilden—in October, 1860. He then published his opinion that the fathers left in each State "revolution organized," "with power to snap the tie of confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion." Mr. Calhoun could not have put it more absolutely. It was in effect a complete justification of secession, and a denial of the right to prevent it by force. Still later, and a few weeks only before the accession of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, Mr. Tilden declared in a public speech that "he for one would resist under any and all circumstances the use of force to coerce the South into the Union."

Mr. Tilden's conduct throughout the war was in harmony with this declaration. He was a leading member of the society for publishing and propagating Copperhead literature, and if he ever did or said anything to encourage a strenuous prosecution of the war, the report of it has never reached us. Why have his Democratic friends or enemies chosen to re-open the dismal story of the Democratic party during the war? Have they yet to learn that it is because that story is still so fresh in patriotic memories, because so many of the Democratic leaders then are Democratic leaders now, because the Democratic policy since the war has been by hook or by crook to undo its fair results, because of such conduct as that of the extra session, and the present movement to unseat Mr. Kellogg and to thwart the decision of the Supreme Court, that there is so deep and strong a conviction that it can not be safely intrusted with the administration of a government which it practically deserted in its extremity, and with the care of liberties and rights which it denied and resisted?

A TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

Questions of tariffs and customs duties probably seem very dry and tedious to the general reader, but the general reader is the very one who is most interested in cheap literature, and it is his interest, therefore, that all materials for the manufacture of paper should be free. He is especially concerned in the present debate upon wood pulp, and the repeal of the duty upon it. Such a repeal would give the paper-maker a cheap material, and the cheapness would be favorably felt in the purse of the general reader, while it certainly would not harm the paper-maker or the publisher. The duty at present maintains a monopoly which, by increasing the price of paper, necessarily raises the price of school and other books and newspapers, while the duty practically produces no revenue at all. The largest amount ever realized from it was in 1870, when it produced $253. From 1871 to 1879 it produced nothing, and in 1879 the revenue duty from wood pulp amounted to forty-eight cents.

This duty is, in fact, one of the taxes on knowledge which are always opposed to a true American policy, and which it is the interest of the American citizen to reduce to the lowest practicable point. In this view it seems to us a great mistake for any paper-maker to oppose the repeal of the duty. All that the advocates of the repeal ask is the execution of the intent and spirit of the law of 1870 relating to material entering into the manufacture of paper. Pulp makes at least fifty per cent. of the material of the ordinary newspaper, and the duty not only enhances the price of pulp, but of rags. We import immense quantities of rags, and this duty controls their price. Remove the duty, and the price of rags and of all other paper stock would fall. It would be a serious thing if the whole publishing interest should be forced to favor repeal of all duty on paper, so putting an end to competition in the manufacture.

The argument upon this subject was very clearly and strongly stated before the committee in Washington by Mr. George Jones and Mr. Erastus Brooks, who had evidently made a thorough study of the subject. The law of 1870 undoubtedly meant to admit all kinds of paper stock duty free. But Mr. Boutwell, by what seems to us an inconsiderate view, decided that under the clause 'dried pulp, twenty per cent.,' wood pulp, used for paper must pay that duty. But a later section of the same act exempts "paper stock, crude, of every description," and the context explains the sense of "crude." Repeal the tax, and a monopoly would fall which adds nothing to the public treasury, and an abundant supply of material would be instantly obtained from Canada and elsewhere. It is a tax upon knowledge, upon the school-book and the newspaper, which merely fosters a monopoly and is opposed to the public interest. The Chicago *Tribune*, in discussing the subject with its usual ability, says, truly, "The publishers have no 'protection,' and want none; the paper mills and pulp factories need none."

THE REPORT ON COUNTY JAILS.

It is a curious fact that just ninety-seven years ago the "grand juries, magistrates, and other noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Gloucester," in England, recommended the improvements in county jails which the Jail Commission in this State, appointed last May, have just recommended to the Legislature of New York. The evils of our county jail system are notorious, but as there is no political or pecuniary advantage to be gained from attending to them, they are unremedied. The law regulating the jails is disregarded, and nobody, apparently, cares to have it enforced. The reports of the Prison Association are full of most interesting and valuable information upon the subject, but who reads them? A most admirable and untiring philanthropist, in the true sense, was lately lost to us in Dr. Wines, but how many persons knew of his existence or his work? The State Board of Charities, the State Charities Aid Association, are diligently working. Much, indeed, is accomplished; but it is a little humiliating that a report upon the county jails just submitted to the Legislature should point out in them the same defects that arrested English attention a hundred years ago, and which have been largely remedied in that country. There was, indeed, boundless room for improvement in the English jails. John Howard had just made his reports upon their ghastly and infamous condition, and Lecky's accounts of them are pitiful.

The laws regulating our county jails require a proper classification of all the inmates; separate rooms for witnesses detained, for prisoners not yet tried, and for those who are sentenced. They require also that convicted prisoners shall be kept at hard labor. The separation of the sexes, and of children from older prisoners, is vitally important, and it is wholly within the power of the local authorities. But the laws in these respects are persistently violated, and the Commission emphasize this want of proper classification, owing to insufficient accommodations and the want of proper yards and conveniences, as the first defect in the system to be remedied. They then declare the buildings to be "usually" damp and unhealthy; badly heated, ventilated, and lighted; defective in drainage, and without a sufficient supply of water for sanitary purposes. The present system, which merely huddles prisoners together, without proper visitation, or religious influence, or proper reading, tends to degrade them all, and to graduate criminals. Another very serious evil is the absolute power of the jailer over prisoners detained and awaiting trial. The report is brief, but very suggestive.

The time has come when there should be a thorough enforcement of the laws upon this subject, and when "the disgusting, unhealthy, damp, and loathsome character of many of the jails" should be effectually changed. The Commission recommend the formation of county boards of correction. The county judge should appoint two residents of the county to be associated with the sheriff, the appointment to be approved by a justice of the Supreme Court. This

board should have supervisory power, and be charged frequently to visit the jails, to secure proper classification, and if the room is inadequate, to provide for new buildings. They should have power to enforce reformatory measures, some of which the report indicates, and they should be paid only their actual expenses. To give these boards proper unity, there should be a State board of one member from each judicial district, to be appointed by the Governor and Senate; the Governor, Comptroller, and Attorney-General to be members *ex officio*; the Governor to be chairman. This board should have a secretary for its executive officer to conduct the correspondence with the county boards, and the State board should have power to condemn all unfit jail buildings. The Commission also recommend in effect that the county jails should be used for detaining and not penal purposes. Hardened criminals should be State convicts, and the minor grades should be sent to the penitentiaries, which should be work-houses, with reformatory discipline and schools. In fact, the Commission, Messrs. John C. Devereux, of Oneida County, W. H. H. Gere, of Onondaga, and Harvey Jewell, of Ontario, who are eminently qualified for the work to which they were appointed, recommend that the principles resulting from the most careful and able inquiry into the building and conduct of prisons—an inquiry long and patiently carried on, and arriving at conclusions which have been approved by common-sense, and adopted by the most practical students of the subject—shall be applied to the county jails of New York. Not the least interesting and important point in this report is the recommendation of a reformatory for women. A carefully drawn bill for this purpose is now before the Legislature, upon which we trust speedy and favorable action will be taken.

BEACONSFIELD AND GLADSTONE.

The English election will be over before ours begins. But apparently the excitement of the country will be intense. Lord Beaconsfield's vague and adroit manifesto, or platform, to which we alluded last week, has been met by a vigorous, terse, and "ringing" reply from Mr. Gladstone. The Liberal leader does not equivocate or apologize. He does not mean to defend, but to attack. With conscious power he deals at the outset a shattering blow upon the first most carefully constructed point of the Tory line. "Those who endangered the union with Ireland," writes Mr. Gladstone, "were the party that maintained there an alien Church, an unjust land law, and franchises inferior to ours." This comprehensive and forcible denunciation illustrates admirably the difference in the position of the two great English parties. Lord Beaconsfield appeals to prejudice and jealousy and vague fear, Mr. Gladstone to reason. "The Liberals are encouraging sedition and disunion with Ireland," cries Lord Beaconsfield. "Desire of disunion springs from discontent, and you have deliberately fostered discontent," retorts Mr. Gladstone. The Tory insinuates that arguments for greater justice and wiser laws in Ireland promote disunion. The Liberal answers that justice is always the surest bond of peace and amity. Yet the force of prejudice is very great. We have known it in this country when the Republican demand for the restriction of slave territory was met with the sneering question, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" and the appeal to humanity with the assertion that this was "a white man's government." These things took the place of argument. But, for all that, slavery is abolished, and the Supreme Court has just interpreted the Fourteenth Amendment to secure equal rights.

Mr. Gladstone proceeds to brush away Lord Beaconsfield's innuendo about Liberal abandonment of the colonies. "Liberal Administrations," says the Liberal chief, "gave them popular and responsible governments, undertook to defend Canada with the whole strength of the Empire, and organized the great scheme for uniting the several settlements of British North America into one Dominion." What more have the Tories done, and what have they done to compare with this? Disposing of these misrepresentations, Mr. Gladstone, with a sturdy air of "Up, Guards, and at them!" moves resistlessly against the whole Tory line:

"The present Ministry have neglected home legislation, aggravated public distress by continued shocks to confidence, and augmented public expenditure and taxation abroad. The Ministry have endangered the prerogative by gross misuse, weakened the Empire by needless wars, dishonored it in the eyes of Europe by filching Cyprus from the Porte under a clandestine treaty, aggrandized Russia, lured Turkey to dismemberment and ruin, and loaded India with the cost of an unjustifiable war. The Ministry have done nothing to improve our social condition. You are promised the advantages of ascendency in the councils of Europe. The word 'ascendency' is best known to us by its baneful connection with the history of Ireland. I must assert the co-equal rights of independent allied powers, but in the mouth of the present Ministry the claim is ridiculous. You have great issues before you, and I do not doubt that Mid-Lothian will nobly discharge its duty."

The critics who complain of Mr. Gladstone's too diffusive eloquence will find it concentrated enough this time. There has been no finer illustration of the essential difference between the two leaders than these two documents furnish. The friends of Lord Beaconsfield will doubtless smile, as usual, at his ingenious and unscrupulous finesse, while the friends of Mr. Gladstone will be prouder of him than ever.

The Marquis of Hartington also, who is the official leader of the Liberal party, has issued an address, which is quiet and somewhat defensive in tone. Mr. W. E. Forster too has made his appeal, and England will soon hum with political eloquence from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Lord Derby, who was Foreign Secretary in Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet until the Turkish policy was fully developed, and whom Lord Beaconsfield declared that he had regarded as his successor—a remark which must have been stinging to the Stanley of whose knightly father Mr. Disraeli was the political squire—has now openly joined the Liberals. "Eloquence," Mr. Emerson said, "was cheap at the antislavery meetings." And eloquence and consummate ability and large experience will be cheap upon the English Liberal platform during this election. We can envy our English cousins in one point at least—that they do not drag the excitement over a whole year. In this country Mr. Cameron, in Pennsylvania, called his Convention for the beginning of February of this year, and it will be February of next year before the result of the election is declared. There is another very important difference: the result of the general election in England does not depend upon patronage, local or national, or the hope of it. The success of the Tories, if they are the victors, will not be due to the hope of plunder, nor will that of the Liberals be followed by "a clean sweep" of office-holders high and low, and the "recognition of workers." There will be a great deal of work done and a great deal of money spent upon both sides. But the work will not be paid for by the public treasury, nor by assessments upon office-holders. The English election, which is strictly as popular an election and as partisan as ours, will completely disprove the opinion of Mr. Young, of Ohio, as expressed recently in Congress, that "under our system of government, subject to the mutations incident to our popular elections, such a scheme is totally impracticable." The experience of England proves it to be perfectly practicable, and our own earlier experience in this country proved the same thing.

A COURTIER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Dean Stanley seems to be determined to place the memorial to the young Prince Napoleon in Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley is a courtier, and the court has "set its heart" upon this monument, and therefore no protest affects the Dean. He has received deputations and petitions, and there is no doubt whatever that the project is repugnant to the public judgment and feeling; but the court wishes it, and Dean Stanley is a courtier. The young Frenchman went to South Africa, not as a friend of England, but as a French pretender. He went to gain military prestige to favor any movement that he might make against a country at peace with England—a movement which the chief Bonapartist, Cassagnac, said that he contemplated.

It is intelligible that the court of St. James's should sympathize with royalty. The *esprit du corps* of sovereigns is always great. But the Napoleonic is such a parvenu royalty! It began less than eighty years ago with a Corsican soldier, and just how royal he was the Rémusat memoirs show. It is true that all great royal houses began with soldiers, but not yesterday. Time is the idealizing element, but there is no idealization about Louis Napoleon or his house.

The Napoleon memorial is a small matter, but it is a large sign. The Prince of Wales needs all the public confidence he can secure, and to flout English public opinion in this trivial way will not commend him more closely to England.

THE IRON HAND IN THE VELVET GLOVE.

The formation of the Citizens' Protective Union in San Francisco shows that Denis Kearney is not yet lord of California. The right of free speech and of a free press is fundamental in our political system, but the laws justly prohibit, nevertheless, libel and obscenity, and incitements to riot and pillage and murder; and the honest citizens of San Francisco are of opinion that the time has come to organize to secure the prompt enforcement of the laws. This is the object of the Protective Union. Its manifesto invites public attention to the fact that there is a peaceful remedy for every wrong, and it declares that, without any words of warning, no man need be deceived. This, under the circumstances, is the most suggestive of warnings.

The Union does not announce any other methods than an appeal to reason, but it states emphatically the necessity of stopping the terrorism that prevails. It does not declare itself to be a Vigilance Committee, but there is probably not a single Kearneyite in San Francisco who does not know that upon occasion it would do the work of a Vigilance Committee. It means to have peace and order, and to put down the Kearney régime, and the first incident that followed the manifesto was the arrest and prompt conviction of Kearney for the violation of a city ordinance prohibiting lewd or profane or threatening language.

The situation of a community is certainly critical when the Mayor and the Sheriff are supposed to be in league with the enemies of public order, and when it is necessary for honest citizens to combine to see that the laws are enforced. There is no reason to believe, however, that the situation is desperate, or that the old stern scenes of the Vigilance Committee's rule are to be repeated. The manly and resolute position against the "Sand Lot" sedition taken by the Reverend John Hemphill, pastor of Calvary Church, in San Francisco, an Irishman who feels deeply the shame brought upon the community by the Kearney ribaldry and agitation, is a very significant sign of public opinion. He declared in his pulpit that the Sand Lot terrorism must cease, that mob law must be suppressed, and that it was the duty of good citizens even to arm and drill in view of any emergency. Such a declaration from an Irish clergyman is one of the best signs of the situation. The key to the situation in San Francisco is to be found in the fact that public sentiment has sympathized with Kearney in his hostility to the Chinese, but has now discovered that countenancing the Kearney kind of hostility imperils society itself. Public sentiment, of course, has not approved his methods, and has sought legal relief only. But the community of feeling has granted a license to Kearney which otherwise he would not have had. "The city wants peace," says the Protective Union, "and it is our purpose to give it that tranquillity which will assure a renewed prosperity." These are encouraging words, and there is no doubt that the purpose will be fulfilled, and the proof is that Kearney by his entirely changed tone shows that he has distinctly felt the iron hand in the velvet glove that has been laid upon him.

INSTRUCTIONS THAT DO NOT INSTRUCT.

We are glad to see that so able and influential a paper as the Albany *Evening Journal* agrees with us that the "instructions" of the Utica Convention are in no sense binding upon the district delegates from New York to the Chicago Convention. Not to vote according to their own convictions or the wishes of those who selected them would be, in the *Journal's* judgment, the violation of a duty. When the State Convention relinquished the right to select the district delegates, it abandoned the right to instruct them, and the principle established in the selection must be carried out to the end. The *Journal* says, truly, "If any candidate shall be selected by the votes of men whose constituents wished them to vote differently, and who in accepting their trusts as delegates morally pledged themselves to do so, the effect will be disastrous."

The eager way in which Mr. Conkling clutched at Mr. Woodin's unnecessary concession that he should be bound as a district delegate by the instructions of a body which did not select him, and which certainly would not have tried to displace him, showed Mr. Conkling's perfect consciousness of his own sophistry, and his doubt of his own position. And when the word "instructed" had been sustained by a meagre majority, Mr. Conkling's vote to unseat the delegates whom some of the districts had selected betrayed still further his suspicion that the delegates selected would go to the National Convention as free men.

The Albany *Evening Journal* holds that it is "as clear as any proposition can be" that it is the duty of the delegates not to be bound by the preferences of those who did not select them, but, on the contrary, to represent the wishes of those who did. No independent journal can take any other view. It is the dictate of honor and of common-sense. In no other way can a nomination represent the real preference of a party, and secure the cordial unanimity of its support by the consciousness that all differences have been candidly considered. We trust that this principle will be asserted and maintained in the New York delegation, and, if necessary, carried to the National Convention itself for a decision.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Gladstone is a very good man, a sound Churchman, and rarely neglectful of his Parliamentary duties. Yet on a recent Saturday during the present Lenten season, instead of taking part in an important debate, he attended a matinée performance of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Irving playing Shylock. The audience promptly recognized the distinguished gentleman, and loudly cheered him as he took his seat. The receipts of that Saturday's performances, afternoon and evening, are stated to have been $2500.

—The Rev. Dr. Elsner, of Damrodt, Prussia, has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his being made Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Breslau. He has been pastor in Damrodt fifty-five years, and is eighty-five years of age.

—The great donation of George Peabody for the benefit of the work-people of London is now in full and admirable working order. The number of separate dwellings occupied by them is 2355, containing 5170 rooms, and sheltering 9905 people. The average rent for each room is forty-eight cents per week, which includes the free use of water, bath-rooms, laundries, and sculleries. The average earnings of each head of a family residing there is $5 95. The income of the fund is constantly increasing. At present the trustees have in hand $870,000, to be re-invested in other buildings, for which six plots of ground have been bought, at a cost of $500,000. This will give accommodation for about 10,000 more tenants. The whole invested capital now amounts to about $5,000,000.

—Mr. James Parton, who has written some of the best and most successful of American biographies, says that an industrious and capable writer can, during his best years, earn $7000 or $8000 a year, but that no man should adopt literature as a profession unless he has a fortune, or can live comfortably on $2000 a year. Mr. Parton's first book was the *Life of Horace Greeley*, of which forty thousand copies were sold. Since then he has published a dozen other works, all of which have been very popular. Several of his shorter biographical sketches first appeared in Harper's Magazine, commencing about fifteen years ago.

—Among his other personal peculiarities, the late James Lenox could never be induced to go to public entertainments, no matter how attractive. He never heard Jenny Lind, or Gough. His library and pictures afforded him all the recreation he needed, and were only supplemented by the visits of his pastor, physician, and a very few personal friends, who were always welcome. His letters were models of elegance, being written on the finest note-paper, and his small cramped hand, much like a lady's, was very legible, though very peculiar. It is curious that, though a man of extensive reading, he never put his thoughts in writing, nor found any need of conversation.

—Mr. Erastus Brooks, in a speech before the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, a few days since, on the necessity of taking off the twenty per cent. duty on wood pulp, remarked, in reference to the press, that he had had forty-one years' experience in journalism in New York city, and during that time had seen the birth and death of one hundred and twenty-five daily papers in that city, and that there are to-day but three papers in existence there that were being published in 1837.

—Mr. George W. Childs, with his accustomed liberality, has made a large subscription to the fund for erecting a monument to General Robert E. Lee at Lexington, Virginia.

—A writer in Mr. Edmund Yates's magazine, *Time*, on "Drunkenness in England," refers to the great brewer of the age, Mr. Bass, saying: "What a name to conjure with is Bass! Here are his big beer-mills, covering a hundred acres of ground, and using the barley grown upon sixty thousand acres of English land. Times are hard in England, are they? Bass uses up every year, besides, the hops grown on some two thousand acres of land; and he yearly rolls into the groggeries of London and the other great English towns something like a million barrels of beer, I am told. Why, this one brewer could serve one-half the entire human race with a glass of beer per head from his own brewing in a single year. He owns over five miles of private railway in Burton, and pays out £2000 every week in wages to his beer-makers. Underrate a power represented by such figures as these? No. Mr. Bass is a member of Parliament, I believe; so is Mr. Allsopp; so are other brewers. It is true, they do not make much stir there, but there is an old adage about '*still* waters' running deep, and I have no doubt it will apply to beer too. Underrate it! Why, I honestly believe that there is no single power in Great Britain which so influences British character, and so sways the material and moral destinies of the British people, as that influence which sits enthroned on the beer butts of Burton."

—The late Daniel Drew was the author of the term "watered stock," and thus it happened: T. Carpenter, a Wall Street broker, was from Putnam County, where Mr. Drew came from. One day he went to Drew to sell him some stock which had been put on the market at considerable above the actual cost of the property. Drew said, "That stock makes me think of old Farmer Brooks up in 'Put,' who used to salt and water his stock to make his cattle weigh heavy when he sold them!" The story got into the street, and has become one of the official phrases of American finance.

—The late M. Crémieux was an exceedingly benevolent man. He divided his income of $10,000 in halves, keeping one himself, and giving the other to the needy.

—A few weeks ago Mr. Henry Irving, the eminent actor, entertained at supper, at the Lyceum Theatre, London, some three hundred gentlemen, including noblemen and gentlemen eminent in art, science, and literature, on the occasion of the hundredth performance of *The Merchant of Venice*. As a memento of the evening, a copy of *The Merchant of Venice*, bound in white and gold, was distributed to each guest. Lord Houghton proposed "the health of Mr. H. Irving and the Lyceum Theatre," and Mr. Irving returned thanks in a humorous speech, in the course of which he stated that he had received a five-act play in blank verse, called *The After-Life of Shylock*, the last scene of which was the return of Shylock to Belmont with a basket of lemons.

—The Emperor of Russia, as he appears to-day to the casual observer, is a large, ox-eyed man, with a look of sadness and perplexity. He is said to be subject to melancholy periods of hypochondriasis, during which existence seems but a dreary blank to him. He is haunted by fears of sudden death, and by the dread of assassination. At these times he moons about on apparently solitary walks with a large dog, but there is always a policeman handy to keep the sacrilegious from approaching him. When well, he devotes much of his time to tailoring, changing his costume with much stolid perseverance, and he likes to be attended by a humpbacked Privy Councillor, who acts as foil to his fine figure, and sets it off; for he is a well-built man, tall and straight, though rather too German in the rotundity of certain of his curves. His father, Nicholas, who was in many respects a notable sovereign, had him very carefully brought up, and foreseeing that he would want support, perhaps devotion, in after-life, to counteract his apathy, surrounded him with some select young men who could be relied upon. This little band of cronies have hung together ever since. They have lived with and on the Emperor, without interruption, from the time of his accession until now. He provides for their wants; they dip their fingers into his purse whenever they are so minded. He is a loosely hung Emperor, more like the good fellow of a free-and-easy than the despotic master of millions, when in the midst of these his familiars. He has been known to sit in his shirt sleeves, astraddle on a chair, hobnobbing with them.

PREPARING FOR EASTER.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

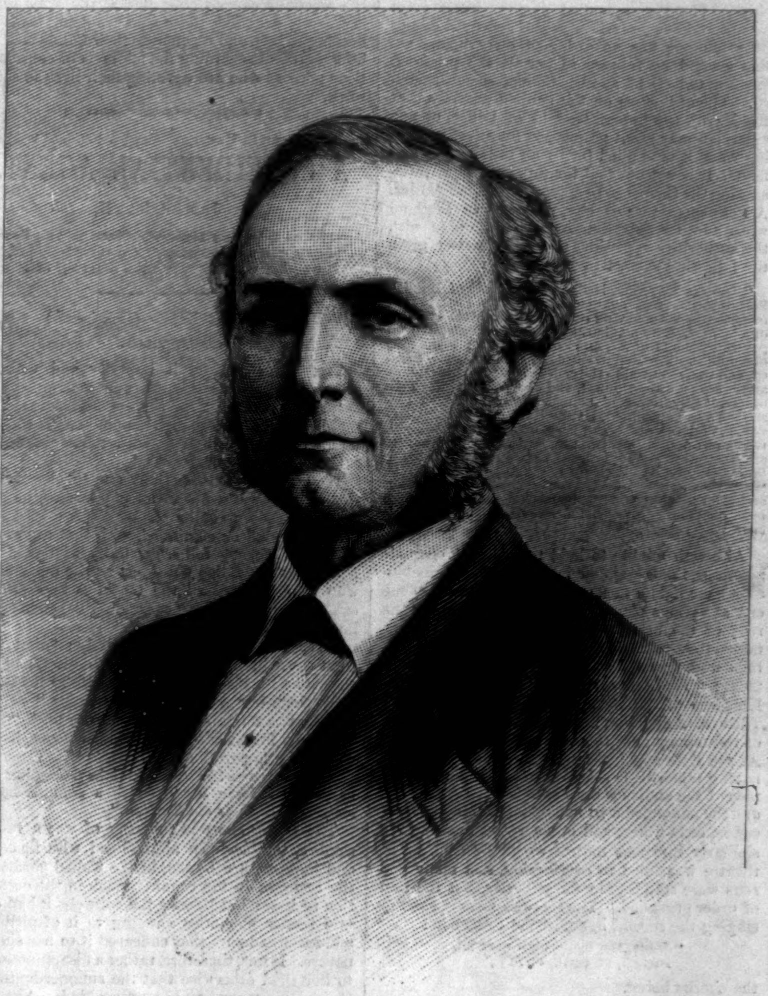
THE REV. ROBERT L. DASHIELL, D.D.

OF late years the Methodist Episcopal Church has met with serious losses in the decease of important ministers. Since 1876, three bishops—JANES, AMES, and HAVEN—have died; three other bishops, who were elected in 1864—CLARK, KINGSLEY, and THOMSON—had completed their earthly careers by 1872. In the last-named year three secretaries were elected by the General Conference to administer its Domestic and Foreign Missions. Of this number, two, Messrs. EDDY and DASHIELL, have passed away at a comparatively early age. Dr. DASHIELL, whose death occurred on March 8, was born in Salisbury, Maryland, June, 1826. He entered Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1842, and graduated in 1846. Two years after, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, joining the Baltimore Conference; in this and in the Newark Conference he spent a pastoral life of twenty years. In 1868 he was elected President of Dickinson College, and held that responsible position four years. In 1872 he was made one of the secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society.

The duties laid upon Dr. DASHIELL as Missionary Secretary were onerous. The period of his incumbency was one of extreme financial depression; the society of which he was an important officer became involved in a debt of $260,000. To sustain it from 1873 to 1879 required untiring exertion, incessant travel, and continuous appeals to the churches. Dr. DASHIELL and his associates had the satisfaction of reducing the debt without seriously contracting the number or impairing the efficiency of Methodist missions at home or abroad. But he wore himself out in these labors, and in the early part of the past winter was pronounced by skillful physicians to be ill beyond all hope of recovery.

Both in public and in private life Dr. DASHIELL was peculiarly magnetic. He attracted men to him, won their friendship, and held them by firm ties. Without effort he was eloquent, always preached to large audiences, and never failed to inspire his hearers with much of his own enthusiasm. His personal attractions as an orator were not few, for he was tall, graceful, and had a voice which instantly caught and held the ear. By temperament he was a man of affairs rather than a student; he laid hold of a great enterprise with ardor, and never spared his strength in carrying it to the point of success.

It is remarkable that both Dr. DASHIELL and the late Dr. EDDY were prostrated on their return from long tours of travel, and by similar symptoms of exhaustion. Even on this continent the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church extend from Washington Territory to the city of Mexico. The Methodist Missionary Society was a pioneer in the settlement of Oregon, and Methodist itinerants penetrated at an early day the wilderness of Canada. Dr. DASHIELL's journeyings ranged all over this field. Wherever a conference of Methodist ministers met, it was important for him or one of his colleagues to be present. Every resource of his bodily strength was taxed to enable him to meet the demands made upon him. In his self-sacrificing spirit there was a touch of true heroism. ROBERT HALL once remarked that JOHN WESLEY, though he stirred all England, was himself perfectly calm; that he was, in fact, the "quiescence of turbulence." But WESLEY's successors do not appear to have copied this trait of the character of their great founder. McCLINTOCK, EDDY, and DASHIELL all died before they had reached sixty years.



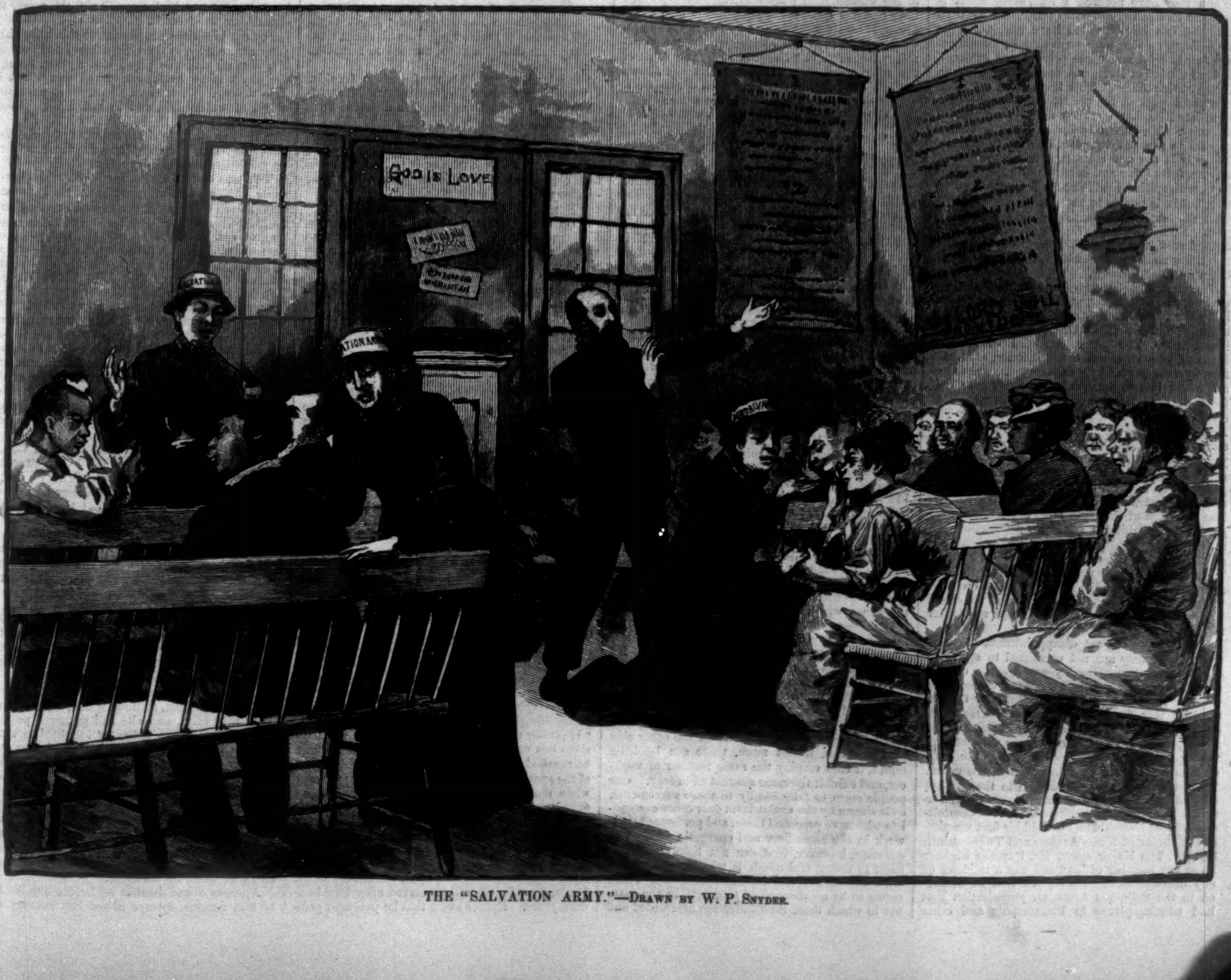
THE REV. ROBERT L. DASHIELL, D.D.

THE ARMY OF SALVATION.

SINCE the time when the Reformation opened the way for personal conviction and freedom of action in regard to religion, there has been an infinite variety of ways adopted of propagating the faith, some of which are so fantastic and singular as to open new fields of speculation in regard to human nature. Every century has had its own peculiar demonstrations, frequently so numerous as to give the historian some trouble to record them. Our own has not only been remarkably prolific, but within the past few years we have had three movements of the kind, slightly different in character, but all having the single end in view of advancing the cause of morality and religion. The MOODY and SANKEY meetings, which excited both hemispheres, the Crusading movement, which ran its brief but exciting career in a few States in the North, and the MURPHY movement, are all within the briefest recollection. Now we have the "Salvation Army," which proposes once more to awaken the masses to their deplorable condition, and to incite them to a fresh struggle toward better and purer living.

The organization of men and women which has adopted this pretentious title is an English one, and is the outgrowth of an unsectarian Christian mission begun in England in 1865 by the Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH and his wife, of the Methodist Church. The idea of the mission was to reach the worst classes of the population in the poorest and most crowded quarters of the city, and also to evangelize the non-church-going people of a higher grade. Gathering around him a band of earnest Christians, Mr. BOOTH commenced a series of open-air meetings, and in a short time the nucleus of the present organization was formed. In 1878 the title of "The Salvation Army" was adopted, as being less calculated to repel the persons it was designed to gather, and who do not like to be spoken of as needing mission effort. For a time the Army seemed to be under bad generalship, and a number of the rank and file fell into the hands of the police. In spite, however, of all opposition, it finally began to make headway, and to command a certain amount of respect. Last fall the Army took London by storm, and has been playing its batteries in that wicked city ever since.

The plan of operations adopted by the Army resembles that of our own Crusaders in some of its features, though it is not to be compared with it in others. Flaming handbills are issued, announcing that the "war against the devil" will commence at a given time and place; that Mr. and Mrs. —— will "do the first shooting," and promising "great slaughter by the Salvation Army." The "first shot" is understood to mean the first address or hymn; and when it is proposed to sing or pray, the announcement is sometimes made that "Brother So-and-so will now shoot," or the invitation, "Let us shoot," given, followed by the number of the hymn. General BOOTH has been



THE "SALVATION ARMY."—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

heard to declare that "heathen England" appalls him, and his mission is to lift up and save the poor, the ignorant, and the neglected masses. Ninety per cent. of the whole population never go inside a place of worship, and to save these he declares is the special mission of the Salvation Army. He also maintains that the masses "never think of heaven or hell," and his first object is to "get them to think of hell that they may flee from it, and of heaven that they may strive to get there." So far, the principal field of operation has been England and Wales, but the Army has also invaded Scotland and Ireland. They have also planted their outposts in Jersey, with a view to descending upon France. America has long been an objective point, and at last they are here.

It is hardly necessary to observe that the members of the Salvation Army are fully satisfied of the holiness and efficiency of their mission among the classes unapproachable, as they maintain, by other means than they employ. When reproached with sweeping the gutters in search of proselytes, they reply that they are "ready to net the sewers," and that their mission is especially to the hopelessly drunken and profligate. Their Christianity seems to be of the aggressive type—a sort of military propaganda due to a large interpretation of the command to "compel them to come in." Their plan of procedure throughout England has been as follows: When it has been decided to "attack" a town, a convenient building, such as a theatre, a circus, or a deserted factory, is hired, and constitutes the head-quarters of the mission. Then a small band of brethren and two or more sisters are dispatched on service. Any open space, frequented by the lower class of the population on Sunday morning for the purpose of indulging in dog-fighting and similar recreations, is pitched upon. The militant band at once commence proceedings by singing hymns, and when they have collected a crowd, they deliver short exhortations. These speeches are very short, and are always followed by at least two verses of a hymn. Singing is a chief feature of the services, and the "Hallelujah Lasses" is the quaint designation of the female portion of the Army. This title was given them in derision, and finally adopted by them, though not without some reluctance on their part. The songs are a conglomeration, but mainly adaptations of the Moody and Sankey hymns. All kinds of popular melodies are used—comic, sentimental, and sacred. When women join in the movement, they give up all fineries, and dress in the plainest manner, dispensing with jewelry and every species of ornament.

So soon as a few, either of the converts or of the simply curious, are gathered together, a move is made for the establishment of a temporary chapel. In going and returning from their services, the brethren and sisters will march through the streets, singing, "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord," or some of their favorite hymns. When they have secured a hall, every effort is made to induce the crowd to enter, and when as many as can be persuaded have entered, either an ordinary service, prayer-meeting, or testimony-meeting is held, and those present are exhorted to lead Christian lives, and enroll themselves in the Salvation Army. This last-named act is an important part of the programme, not absolutely insisted on, but strongly urged as a test of sincerity. Mr. Booth believes that the energy natural to new converts is a force to be utilized. Not only is the new convert, if he be thoroughly sincere, full of fire and energy, not unmixed, perhaps, with spiritual pride at his regenerate condition, but he is nearer to those needing conversion than the brother who has lived cleanly for years past. No sooner, in the language of the Army, is a good soldier enrolled, than he is turned into a recruiting officer, and sent into his native alley to drum up fresh recruits.

The first detachment of the Salvation Army that has visited our metropolis came over recently on the steamer *Australia*. They travelled by steerage, and landed at Castle Garden with the immigrants. The party consisted of George Railton, who comes as Commissioner, accompanied by a captain and six lieutenants. These are all young ladies, and all wear a peculiar uniform of blue faced with yellow. A ribbon is stretched across their caps, with the words, "The Army of Salvation." In appearance they are all stout and able-bodied persons of about thirty years, and seemingly well adapted to any enterprise that requires energy and endurance. Their passage was paid to this country by the home association, but this they are expected to refund. The intention of the band is to carry out the gigantic and ambitious scheme of travelling all through this country, and establishing branches of their organization in every city and town. They also expect to receive sufficient voluntary support here to enable them to carry on their work. The initiatory undertaking of the band was a service of song at Castle Garden soon after their arrival.

It has been a great disappointment to these people that they are not permitted to speak in our streets. For several years licenses of this sort have been refused, and there can be no doubt wisely. It was long ago ascertained by the authorities that from the composite character of our population it must be next to impossible for street preachers to treat any theme without provoking angry repartees, and incurring the peril of altercations, and even breaches of the peace. The leader of the band had been in the city but a few days when he called upon Mayor Cooper to solicit the desired permission. The "Commissioner" said he would like to hold his first meeting at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. The Mayor asked Mr. Railton whether he or any member of his band was a minister of any denomination. He replied that he belonged to the Salvation Army, an organization that had meeting-places in Philadelphia and other cities. The Mayor replied that the law did not permit religious services in the open air, except its conductor was an ordained clergyman. On this ground he refused to permit the proposed meeting to be held, and the Commissioner departed. The ordinance on the subject provides that the Mayor, the Superintendent of Police, or any alderman may grant permission for street preaching when it is applied for by an ordained clergyman. It is not unusual for this method of propagating the Gospel to be attended with difficulties. A gentleman in this city, who was in England when another Salvation Army had trouble with the authorities regarding this same matter, gives the following extract from his diary:

"Thomas Maycock, leader of the band of English Salvationists, was charged before the Leamington magistrates with having obstructed the road in front of a market. The magistrate ordered the defendant to pay full penalty of £2, and costs 18s. *6d.*; in default, one month. The defendant declined to pay the money, and was removed to the cells below; but his friends afterward paid the amount, and he was released. Five others, 'Salvationists,' named Matilda Smith (described as a gypsy girl), Henry Bullard, Henry Clifton, F. Viggars, and Mark Nichols, were charged with the same offense. Mr. Blaker pleaded guilty for each, and they were simply ordered to pay costs, this being their first offense. As soon as the cases were over, the 'Salvationists' assembled in the road in front of the hall, and after 'Happy George' had given out a hymn, they began a march through the streets, drawing a large crowd after them."

Although unable to hold the desired open-air meetings, Commissioner Railton and his lieutenants have held a large number of services in the city at various places. One took place under the roof of the hospitable Harry Hill, who entertained the Crusaders. A short time before, handbills were freely distributed, with the announcement: "The Army of Salvation will attack the Kingdom of the Devil at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre. Admission twenty-five cents. Not a cent of the money goes to any member of the Army." At the time appointed the members filed in, and having taken their seats on the stage, the gentlemen of the audience were requested not to smoke, and the announcement made that nothing but tea, coffee, soda-water, and other refreshments of a similarly innocent nature would be sold. The theatre was filled to overflowing, and many persons were standing in the galleries, but the best of order prevailed. The services were opened by singing the second hymn of the collection:

> "Jesus, the name high over all,
> In hell, or earth, or sky;"

the chorus being,

> "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
> Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
> Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

Between the singing of each verse General Railton exhorted, taking the words of a line or two for his text; and begging the audience "if they never prayed in their lives before, to pray now," knelt down in the centre of the stage, the female lieutenants kneeling, but in various and curious positions, in a semicircle behind him. Each one of the women then prayed in turn, during which time General Railton, who remained on bended knees, his body swaying to and fro, first one arm working and then the other, continually ejaculated, "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" The spirit of the religious portion of the services was almost entirely embodied in a repetition of the chorus:

> "Free from the bondage, free from the fear,
> Crowned with salvation, heaven even here;
> Shouting hallelujah as we march along,
> Oh, come and join our happy throng."

This was sung to the popular air of "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." The women-lieutenants read verses of hymns and exhorted in turns. The language was of course simple, and frequently calculated to raise a smile among any who were accustomed to correct English.

At the conclusion of the services Harry Hill rose to explain about the charge for admission, which had given so much annoyance to the band. His reasons were embodied in a single sentence: "I told 'em I *must* charge, for there's a class of people I don't want to associate with, either in a prayer-meeting or a prize-fight."

Energy and perseverance in any undertaking are apt to bring their reward, and there can be no question that the labors of the Army have met with great apparent success. They seem to seek out and take into their organization persons from the very worst classes, and yet the work does not fall to pieces. The number of members is now estimated at 100,000. In September last, according to a circular furnished by Mr. Railton, there were in England 122 corps, under the command of 195 officers, using for services weekly 148 theatres, music halls, warehouses, and other buildings, holding at the annual rate of 45,000 open-air services, and 60,000 in-door services, and preaching to 74,000 persons in-door every Sunday evening, and to 2,000,000 in the streets every week. Through its instrumentality 257 persons have become wholly employed in religious work, and 3256 others stand ready to speak or labor in the cause whenever called upon. The Army is said to be approved by twenty-three Mayors and magistrates, seventeen Superintendents of Police, and one hundred and twenty-nine clergymen. Its funds are raised mainly by collections taken at the services. Last year there was raised in this way £12,000, while the general fund only amounted to £4540.

That the labors of the Army will meet with as much success on our shores as on the other side of the ocean, if not more, there can be little doubt, if they employ the same number of workers, and exhibit the same amount of energy. Our people seem to take kindly to these movements, as is shown by the enthusiasm over other evangelists who have preceded them, and performed their work in the same fiery and energetic way. The question, however, that can not help presenting itself to thoughtful minds is whether the results are not transitory, and the reaction hurtful. There seems to be an absence of propriety in the manner in which these multitudes are assembled and the meetings carried on. But at the same time it scarcely behooves those who are doing little or nothing to help and regenerate their fellow-men to be too critical regarding the methods of conscientious persons who are devoting their lives to such work.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

CEDAR VILLA.

The ladies praised it honestly and without stint, to the proprietor's great content.

"Yes," said he, "for a mere tradesman, like myself, it is a nice place enough—one is almost tempted from the possession of it to imagine one's-self a person of importance."

If Mr. Signet expected any one to observe on this that he *was* a person of importance, he was doomed to disappointment.

"After all," he continued, with that eagerness which, with some folks, generally follows a remark that has fallen flat—just as the marksman who has once missed the target is liable to be *wild* as well as *wide*—"everything depends upon how one chooses to look at it."

"True," said Mr. Durham, dryly; "that was what caused the great lord in Spain always to eat cherries with his spectacles on. He protested it made them bigger and more nourishing."

"That reminds me," observed the host, "that there is a little fruit in the summer-house, if you would like to partake of it."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Sabey, clasping her hands. "I have not been in a summer-house since we left dear old Tarlton."

The bower she was thinking of was a rather sombre, tumble-down affair, lined with fir cones and hung with cobwebs, in the walled garden at the rectory; in the evening much in the occupation of bats; but besides the cobwebs it had certain tender memories clinging to it of girlhood and careless hours that endeared it to her simple nature. It was, therefore, rather a disappointment to her than otherwise that the summer-house at Cedar Villa was of quite another kind. A spick-and-span erection of colored glass, with a marble table, on which, instead of the tea and cake eaten for a treat on half-holidays, there were grapes and pine-apples, the products, as their host explained, of his own greenhouses. "But I am sorry to say," he added, with a smile, "no cheaper on that account."

Before them stretched a long broad wooden terrace, called a camp-shed, and beneath them a flight of steps ran down to the river, from which the silver splash of oars and pleasant laughter of the passengers on that miscalled "silent highway" was borne to them by obedient breezes, that, having done their mission, seemed to faint and die.

"This is very pretty," observed Durham, frankly.

"It is a perfect Paradise," sighed Amy, enchanted by the brilliant river scene, so different from the sluggish Lat.

"It is a Paradise that can very seldom boast of such Peris as honor it to-day," said Mr. Signet, gallantly. "A few bachelor friends come down here occasionally and defile the place with smoke—otherwise I live a hermit's life."

"But not on hermit's fare," laughed Sabey.

"On little better, I do assure you, madam. However, I hope my cook will presently make an effort for an occasion so extraordinary. After all, there is nothing like Nature. She can not be imitated."

Mr. Durham, tickled with a recollection of how iridescence in false stones was produced by fluoric acid, began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Stephen?" inquired Sabey.

"Did I laugh? I was thinking of what Mr. Signet says about imitating Nature; it is quite true. The German Casper tells us that the pistol so often put into the hand of a murdered man to simulate suicide is trouble thrown away: in genuine cases it is always found spasmodically grasped."

"My dear Mr. Durham, how can you talk of such things?" cried Amy, reproachfully.

"It was doubtless suggested by the sense of contrast," he answered. "Everything here speaks of life and light. The human mind resents impressions too forcibly presented to it, and flies to their contraries."

"I suppose that is why, while sitting in this palatial spot, my mind is reverting to the arbor at Tarlton," said Sabey, smiling. "You remember the old arbor, as we used to call it, Matt?"

"Can I ever forget it, darling?" said Matthew, tenderly. "Though I think it rather hard upon the old place to bring it into such comparison."

"It's a queer thing is memory," observed Mr. Signet, with a philosophic air. "There is no such thing as forgetting."

"Duvergie tells us a strange thing in physical exemplification of that," remarked Uncle Stephen. "He states that when the brand-mark of a galley-slave has vanished through lapse of years, it may be recalled to *sight* by slapping the neighborhood of the spot with the flat of the hand till it reddens; when the brand-mark, which can not redden, at once becomes visible by its whiteness. The mere materials of which our human house is made are much less perishable than is generally supposed. Our bones are recognizable for many generations after they have been laid in the grave. Those of King Dagobert, when dug up in the church of St. Denis, were found well preserved after four hundred years. Hubler avers that he procured gelatine from the bones of a mummy two thousand years old; and Gifila confirms this, inasmuch as he got twenty-seven per cent. of it by boiling some six hundred years old."

"Curious, but not festive," observed Mr. Signet, making a wry face.

"No, indeed," said Amy. "I think you may well be pardoned for not appreciating Mr. Durham's taste for the grotesque and terrible."

"That is ungrateful, for I don't know any one who enjoys a shocking story as much as you, Amy," said Uncle Stephen, reproachfully.

Mr. Signet looked at her with astonished but admiring eyes, and was silent. Perhaps he was searching his mind for a shocking story with which to regale her ears. If so, it was fortunate that, before he found it, an even pulse of oars was heard to beat, and a galley with four rowers shot up to the bottom step of the river flight. It had cushions arranged for five persons in the stern, above which there was a striped canopy, to shield its tenants from the sun.

"Though you wouldn't come in my carriage, I venture to hope you will patronize my gig," said Mr. Signet, pointing to the gallant galley. "A row on the water before dinner is much recommended by the faculty."

There was a mixture of simplicity and cunning, of pomposity and feeble drollery, of melancholy result and good intention, in all that Mr. Signet did and said that day, which would have insured an interest in him in any student of human nature. It has been said that whoever has an honest wish to make himself agreeable to his fellow-creatures must needs succeed—a consoling theory, which, however, even if it were true, would by no means make everybody pleasant. But I fear it smacks of optimism.

Mr. Signet was much too wise to take an oar: he had a conviction—which it is a pity is not more general—that the spectacle of a gentleman in his shirt sleeves, verging on corpulency, and more than middle-aged, toiling at the oar, is not an agreeable one. To sit and steer, on the contrary, if you make no spasmodic attempt to adapt yourself to the motion of the boat, is a situation of dignity. On his right was Sabey, on his left was Amy, and his conversation was divided between them, though not, it must be confessed, in equal proportions. To the latter he made remarks in a low voice upon the beauties of the scenery, and consulted her wishes as to their course. At her instigation he landed the party on a wooded island, which they explored. "The islands in these parts," he said, "are called eyots, which I don't think you can spell, Miss Thurlow."

When she answered this challenge, and correctly, he expressed his wonder.

"You forget," she said, "that it is my calling to teach young folks to spell."

"To be sure," he replied, tenderly, and sighed. By the sigh he meant her to understand that so much beauty and intelligence was utterly thrown away on such a career; and by the tenderness of his tone he implied that there was one, if she only knew it, who had both the will and the power to emancipate her from it.

For the first time Amy began to think that her people were right in their ridiculous suspicions of Mr. Signet; and she pitied him a little, though the pity was by no means of the sort which is akin to love. Once more afloat, he steered into a bed of water-lilies, and invited her to gather some.

"They are the prettiest ornaments for the dinner table you can imagine," he said, "and we need no gardeners for them hereabouts."

This was clever of him, for he was thinking of quite another sort of ornament. He knew she would have to take off her glove to pluck them, and he wished to see whether she wore his agate ring or not. As it happened, she had put it on that morning—not without some doubt—out of compliment to him, and his beady eyes shone brighter than ever as they fell upon it. It was impossible now for her to doubt that after that his attentions to her became very marked. She became rather miserable in consequence, and her serious face and manner encouraged his hopes. He had had the sagacity to supply his two male guests with very large and excellent cigars, and under the cover of their smoke, or rather of the drowsiness inspired by the divine weed, he carried on his advances without exciting their notice. But Sabey, of course, saw everything, and trembled lest Matthew should also see it. It is strange but true that a man may make love to a woman without her knowing it, but not in the presence of another woman without *her* knowing it; in this case, however, and by this time, they both knew it, and grievously repented that they had ever come to Cedar Villa.

After they had had their water lounge—which, we may be sure, included a visit to a lock, in the cool delicious depths of which the sisters sang a song together, which Mr. Signet christened the "Duet of the Sirens"—they went in to dinner. This was really an Apician meal, though not, as Uncle Stephen had wickedly anticipated, served on gold plate hall-marked. The centre of the table was a looking-glass, on which fresh water-lilies were disposed as though lying on their native element.

"We have to thank you for *these*, Miss Thurlow," said the host, smiling, which, as there were about fifty lilies, and she had gathered perhaps half a dozen, was a gallantry indulged in somewhat at the expense of truth. The ladies were not very talkative, having thoughts of their own as to the consequences of a certain disappointment that even modest Amy was now convinced was about to befall her too tender host; but Matthew, deriving satisfaction from the reflection that this day of pleasure was nearly over, made several conversational efforts, while Mr. Durham, whose weakness was good cheer, became quite eloquent under its influence.

Apropos of the dainties set before him, he told of that famous epicure of the last century who

had plovers' eggs brought from St. Malo by special messengers, paid fifty guineas for two dishes, and on the whole contrived to spend £150,000 upon his palate.

The reminiscence was not only a sort of compliment to the host, but delighted him because it dealt with large sums of money. "The gentleman," he observed, "must have had an enormous income."

"He would have had a very good one," remarked Uncle Stephen, "only he lived upon his principal. His appreciation of what was good, however, remained to the last—as the moralists tell us it always should do. In the end he was ruined. A friend of mine once gave him a guinea to keep him from starving, and two hours afterward found him dressing an ortolan with his own hands. Eventually, when he had nothing to eat but the commonest things, he put an end to his existence."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Signet, wiping his forehead; for Mr. Durham's stories—culled as they were from all sorts of far-back experiences or old-world reading—were somewhat too strong meat for him.

Half in reparation, perhaps, or from a feeling of gratitude for having so nobly dined, Uncle Stephen, striking a more sympathetic chord, regaled his host with Pliny's description of turquoise-hunting in Carmania, where the stone protrudes from the surface of the precipitous rocks like a blue eye, and is struck off with slings and stones, just as boys in England knock down walnuts from the tree.

Mr. Signet's admiration for this game (of which he had never heard) was expressed without stint; but when his omniscient guest began to quote Theophrastus in connection with the fecundity of the diamond, he grew even more excited. That precious stones were technically termed "male" and "female," in consequence of certain variations in their brilliancy, he was, of course, aware; but that they were self-producing was news to him, and seemed to open a vista.

It was true that Mr. Signet, in common with other and wiser folks, was not always quite certain when Mr. Durham was in jest or earnest, but he had great confidence in his learning, and his own opinion of human nature was too high to permit him to suppose that any man of parts and principle would speak jocosely upon diamonds—whether in an interesting condition or not.

On the whole, and notwithstanding that matters had promised so ill at starting, Mr. Durham increased the favorable impression he had already made upon Mr. Signet. All his guests, indeed, would have left that gentleman in a state of much content and satisfaction, but for a word dropped by Matthew while the ladies had gone to put their cloaks and bonnets on, in readiness for the drive home, and Uncle Stephen was struggling into his great-coat in the hall.

It was in answer to a somewhat pressing invitation from his host that the whole party should repeat their visit on the Saturday that day week, if the fine weather should still hold.

"I am sorry to say that it is impossible," said Matthew, "for we have a long-standing invitation to dine at the Crystal Palace with Mr. Barlow on that day."

"Pooh! put him off, and come to me," replied Mr. Signet, with some impatience. "Any day will do for the Crystal Palace."

"Yes, but any day won't do for Mr. Barlow," said Matthew, smiling. "He is a very busy man."

"And who *is* Mr. Barlow?" inquired Mr. Signet, in a tone that seemed to add that "no such individual should be permitted to interfere with any plans of mine."

"He is a young lawyer, to whom my sister-in-law, Amy, is engaged to be married."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Signet, in a manner very creditable to his self-control. "That is very unexpected news to me, Mr. Helston."

"Hullo! what has happened?" inquired Uncle Stephen, entering the room, equipped for travel, and perceiving the gravity that sat upon the brow of his host.

"It is nothing," said Matthew; "only Mr. Signet is disappointed that we can not repeat our pleasant visit to him next Saturday."

"It is very unexpected," said Mr. Signet, mechanically.

"My dear sir, everthing is unexpected," said Uncle Stephen, who always became more philosophic, and, if possible, more full of anecdote, after dinner. "I remember a very striking instance of that which Southey tells. A murderer is made to touch his victim's face: no blood follows, or miracle, as was looked for, occurs to criminate him; but being left alone with the body, the dead man lifts up his head and looks at him, which compels his confession."

For a few moments Mr. Signet's face had turned to such a livid paleness that he might have been almost the subject (*i. e.*, the dead one) of this story himself; but his color soon returned, and it was in his usual confident tone that he replied: "I agree with you, Mr. Durham: things often turn out quite differently from what is expected. Well, if not Saturday, then I hope some other day may be found suitable, Mr. Helston."

Matthew had never felt so kindly toward his employer as at that moment. He felt that his news had been a great disappointment to him (however ridiculous might have been his aspirations), and he had borne it like a man. He did not understand that his hopes had been dashed only for a moment, to revive and assert themselves all the more strongly now that there were obstacles. The very motto of a jeweller is, or should be, "Patience"; and the surviving partner of Messrs. Star & Signet had had much too long an experience of the advantage of that policy to have taken a first refusal as final, even had it come from the lips of the principal—namely, Miss Amy Thurlow herself—in place of those of her brother-in-law.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EASTER.

"I AM the Resurrection!" Only once
Was heard such words as these.
Thousands of years had men lived on
In pain and ease.

Prophet and priest and sage had told their lore,
But stood with bated breath;
Each owned his wisdom vain before
The power of Death.

Nothing beyond! Lo! Death subdueth all.
Man rules the world; but he
Must toil and suffer, lay him down,
And cease to be.

"I am the Resurrection!" Earth and sky
A risen Saviour sing.
What victory hath the grave to-day,
And Death what sting?

THE EXPLOSION IN THE WINTER PALACE.

THE recent dastardly attempt on the life of the Emperor of all the Russias is the fifth that has been made within the last fourteen years. The first was on April 16, 1866, when DEMETRIUS KARAKASOFF aimed his pistol at the Czar as the latter was about to enter his carriage after a promenade in St. Petersburg. The second was on June 6, 1867, when a Pole named BEREZOWSKI, at Paris, fired into the carriage in which the Czar was seated with two of his sons and the Emperor NAPOLEON III. The third was on April 14, 1879, when ALEXANDER SOLOVIEFF fired four shots at the Czar as the latter was walking in the garden a short distance from the Winter Palace. The fourth was on December 1, 1879, when the first section of the train on which the Czar was supposed to be entering Moscow was blown up by the explosion of a mine under the railway track.

The story of the fifth attempt, at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, on the 17th of February, has already been told in the daily newspapers. Some time ago, it is said, the Czar discovered lying on his writing-table a warning that he would be killed on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. Great precautions were immediately taken. Five out of the six gates that give access to the Winter Palace were locked, and, it is said, walled in, while the sixth was strongly guarded, and no one was allowed to enter without being subjected to the strictest scrutiny. No letters were taken in without being first examined by a specially appointed commission, and, in short, the palace was as much in a state of siege as though it were a beleaguered fortress. Yet in spite of all these precautions the conspirators found it possible to introduce a quantity of explosive material sufficient to construct a mine under the guard-room, which rests on vaults of substantial stone, the magnitude and power of this mine being such as to blow up not only the floor of the guard-room, but also that of the dining-room immediately above it. The breach in the floor of the dining-room was immediately below the imperial table; and had the dinner taken place punctually, the lives of the Emperor, his family, and his guests, amongst whom was the Prince of Bulgaria, must have been inevitably sacrificed. They escaped, but eight of the soldiers on guard were killed and forty wounded.

The Winter Palace is an extensive oblong structure, situated on the banks of the Neva, over the waters of which it has a commanding view, while on the other side it looks upon the immense square in the centre of which stands the monolith column in Finland granite raised to the honor of the Czar ALEXANDER. The walls of the palace are above nine feet thick. With the exception of the first floor, which is inhabited by the Emperor himself, the palace is distributed into a thousand or more little apartments. In fact, the number of civil and military functionaries and servants of all ranks, each of whom has his own private apartment in the building, is almost incredible. The guard-room, which is situated to the right of the entrance, on the ground-floor, is the room in which his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, who is now in Paris, slept when quite a child. The Emperor's dining-hall is situated immediately above it. The imperial table is prepared at regular hours, but the Czar is very irregular in taking his seat, and lives in the Russian fashion. The flooring of the guard-room was supported by massive stone arches, and the ceiling which separated it from the dining-hall above was also made of massive stone. The violence of the explosion which destroyed both can therefore be imagined. The illustration on our first page presents a general view of the guard-room after the explosion, with the dead and wounded soldiers buried in the wreckage. The hole in the ceiling above is also plainly shown.

GLIMPSES OF BEETHOVEN.

THIS distinguished musician received from his father, in early childhood, his first lessons on the piano and violin, and not being compelled to attend to anything else, both wrote and spelled badly. When a boy he had an ungainly figure; as a youth his appearance was not more graceful; nor in his fiftieth year do we in this respect find any improvement in him. What a striking contrast to Mozart! Ludwig led a very retired life, and was under strict orders from his father to remain constantly in his room practicing; he did not, therefore, feel the loss of society. He was shy, and in what little intercourse he had with others would answer in monosyllables; but he thought and observed a great deal, abandoning himself to the emotions and brooding fancies awakened first by music, and afterward by the poets. Beethoven when a boy did not think of preserving his fancies for himself or for others by committing them to paper; he early began to indulge his imagination on the piano, and more especially on the violin, and was so absorbed and absent-minded that he had many a scolding from his mother for not heeding the dinner hour.

After giving up the violin, he pursued his beloved art on the piano. It is highly probable that in his twelfth year he was acquainted with all the forms used by the contemporary composers, Haydn, Mozart, Sterkel, for they appear in his three sonatas which the father published in Ludwig's thirteenth year. In his fourteenth year he was cymbalist in the orchestra, that is, he accompanied with the double bass in the symphonies; in his sixteenth year he became organist to the Elector.

This uncouth-looking lad, with his lack of manners and slovenly habits, which, according to all accounts, grew upon him as he advanced in years, had a tender, sensitive heart, and a strong tendency to melancholy. As he grew to manhood, the great and terrible calamity which overshadowed all his life came gradually upon him. His hearing became more and more impaired, and this led to a development of marked melancholy and hypochondria, which added to his personal deficiency in style and bearing.

A lively old lady who knew him well says: "When he visited us, he generally put his head in at the door before entering, to see if there was any one present he did not like. He was short and insignificant-looking, with a red face covered with pock-marks. His hair was quite dark. His dress was very common, quite a contrast to the elegant attire customary in those days, especially in our circles. He spoke with a strong provincial accent; his manner of expression was slightly vulgar; his general bearing showed no signs of culture; and his behavior was very unmannerly. He was very proud, and I have known him refuse to play, even when Countess Thun, the mother of Princess Lichnowsky, had fallen on her knees before him, as he lay on the sofa, to beg him to."

Oddly enough, wretchedly bad music afforded him great amusement, which he displayed in roars of laughter. He was not one of those fastidious composers whom no orchestra could please; sometimes, indeed, he was too lenient, and would not even repeat passages which went badly at the rehearsal. "It will go better next time," he would say. But he was most particular about expression, the small *nuances*, the numerous alternations of light and shade, and the frequent passages in *tempo rubato*, all of which he was, however, quite ready to discuss with any one. When he saw that the performers entered into his ideas, played together with increasing spirit, and, captivated by the magic of his music, were carried away by enthusiasm, then would his face grow bright, and with pleasure beaming from every feature, and an agreeable smile, he rewarded the successful achievement with a thundering "Bravi tutti." This was the grandest of triumphs to a great genius, and, as he frankly confessed, cast into shade the stormy applause of a large and sympathetic audience. During performances at sight, the continuity of the work would be frequently interrupted by the need for corrections, but he was always patient, and if a sudden change of time, particularly in the *scherzi* of his symphonies, threw all the players into confusion, he would burst into a roaring laugh, and declare that he never expected anything else, had been aiming at that all along, and would exhibit almost childish delight at having overthrown such well-mounted cavaliers.

The universal testimony of those who knew Beethoven assigns to him a character strangely mingled of childish aversion to, and ignorance of, worldly matters, and of profound original genius. He was utterly incompetent to conduct his own affairs, and suffered much from poverty caused by his own want of practical care.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As this is an age of daring projects and wonderful deeds, particularly in the line of engineering, it is not strange that there should be suggested more than one method by which that barrier to commerce, the Isthmus of Panama, may be overcome. During M. De Lesseps's recent visit to Washington, and while in public and private circles his canal scheme was being discussed, Captain James B. Eads—so well known in connection with the Mississippi jetties—took the opportunity of bringing forward *his* plan for transporting ships across the Isthmus. But it should be noted that between these two distinguished engineers there was no lack of cordiality and mutual esteem. While Captain Eads readily admits the possibility of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, he thinks it could only be constructed and maintained at an enormous expense, which it is impossible to estimate accurately, on account of the peculiar character of the work. He is of opinion that a ship-railway would be a cheaper, surer, and more expeditious method of transporting vessels over the isthmus. Captain Eads explains that this method is entirely practicable; that vessels of a few hundred tons burden are now transported by railroad both in this country and in Europe; and that large ships, with correspondingly large machinery and arrangements, may as easily be transported. If, as he believes, a ship-railway may be built across the isthmus at half the expense of a canal, the project is at least worthy of consideration.

The *Montana*, of the Guion Line, one of the largest of the many steamers which ply between New York and Liverpool, went ashore on March 13 during a fog, upon the rocks in Church Bay, coast of Wales, about four miles from Holyhead. The sea was calm, and no loss of life resulted. A large part of the cargo was saved.

Six or seven thousand idle workmen in the Pennsylvania iron districts, and four or five thousand idle piano-makers in this city, in consequence of strikes—and this while from the famine-stricken people of Ireland, Brazil, Silesia, and Persia come cries of distress, and while emigrants from European countries, seeking employment, daily reach our shores! Something surely is wrong when such is the condition of affairs. In consequence of a strike for higher wages among the employés of Steinway's piano manufactory, a majority of the principal manufacturers of this city agreed upon a general "lock-out" of all workmen belonging to the Piano-makers' Union. This was done by the combined manufacturers, knowing it was the purpose of the Union to order a strike in other factories as soon as the first had succeeded. If labor and capital could devise some better means for coming to a mutual understanding, not only would great suffering be prevented—not to mention the mere business loss—but an immense amount of dissipation and crime, the result of idleness.

Some disagreement in regard to the management of the Cincinnati College of Music having induced Mr. Theodore Thomas to sever his connection with that institution, he has returned to New York, greatly to the pleasure of his friends in this city. His departure from Cincinnati is a matter of deep regret to numerous admirers there. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "Theodore Thomas will leave a host of friends. He knows that Cincinnati likes and admires him, and it is very sure that he has found our city a pleasant one. He has enjoyed the popular regard to a remarkable degree, and he will be missed in proportion as he was loved....It can not be said that the people of Cincinnati spared themselves to induce him to stay. He had only to say that he would remain, and the means would have been promptly found to enable him to do so." Mr. Thomas was appointed Director of the Cincinnati College of Music in October, 1878; but he was of the opinion, after many months of trial, that it would never be successful unless there were changes and improvements in the management.

A most distressing famine is prevailing in Brazil, in the province of Ceará. Five hundred thousand people have already perished from actual starvation, or from the diseases engendered by hunger.

The attempt to pass the "five-cent fare bill" in the Legislature has utterly failed. For the present, at least, those who travel on the elevated roads must pay as they have done hitherto.

The entire length of the costly railway line of which the St. Gothard Tunnel forms a part is 151 miles. The main tunnel is about nine and one-third miles long; but there are twelve other long tunnels, which aggregate nearly ten miles in length; five tunnels between 220 and 550 yards long, and twenty-five between 110 and 220 yards long. There are in all no less than fifty-two of these subsidiary tunnels, having a total length of sixteen miles. There are also on the line over sixty-four bridges and viaducts.

Coffee is said by Dr. Guillasse, of the French navy, to be almost a specific in the early stages of typhoid fever. He gives to adults two or three table-spoonfuls of strong black coffee every two hours, alternating with one or two tea-spoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. The beneficial effect is immediate. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia should be given daily, and after a while quinine.

A reformed orthography is to be introduced into all the Prussian schools on April 1. All new school-books will hereafter be printed with the reformed spelling, and no educational works with the old spelling will be used in schools after the lapse of a certain interval. The governments of Austria, Bavaria, and Würtemberg have also adopted the new spelling.

Many professional and other business men, who are engaged during the middle of the day in the lower part of the city, will find the extension of the hours of the Astor Library a great convenience. They will now be able to avail themselves of its privileges awhile before going to their business. The Astor Library is now open to the public at nine o'clock in the morning.

"Who was Abraham Lincoln?" inquired a visitor at Washington of a ragged little negro who was sliding down the railing of the Capitol steps. "A friend to us colo'd folks, I reckon," was the naïve reply.

Sewer gas and its deadly results are at length beginning to attract the serious attention of civil engineers in this city. We probably have very little realization of the extent of evil caused by the forcing of malarious gas into residences. Much sickness is directly traceable to it, but many deaths occur because the victim of some local disorder is so weakened by a process of gradual poisoning that he has no strength to resist what would otherwise be but a slight illness.

The revision of the New Testament is now substantially completed, and the new version will probably be published during the coming summer. One of the peculiarities of the revised text is the arrangement by paragraphs in accordance with the sense, instead of the division into chapters and verses of King James's edition of the Bible.

Tchernishevsky, the Russian writer, whose death in exile was recently reported, was sent to Siberia without having committed any crime except that of having the misfortune to displease the Autocrat of all the Russias. He was banished sixteen years ago, and at the time of his death there was not the least prospect of his ever being recalled from Siberia.

An extensive temperance work is going on in the city of Geneva. A society has been formed after the model of those in England and America, and its members are making a zealous crusade against intemperance. Great suffering has prevailed throughout Geneva among the poor, in consequence of the unusual severity of the winter there, and a number of temperance *cafés* and soup-houses have been opened, and *fêtes* have been organized, the proceeds of which are applied to charitable purposes.

On November 29, 1879, the steamer *Strathleven* left Sydney, Australia, for London, having on board fifty-five carcasses of beef and 357 of mutton. The vessel went to Melbourne, where five carcasses of beef and 205 of mutton were added to the cargo. On December 6 the *Strathleven* left Melbourne, passing through the Suez Canal, and arrived at London on February 2, 1880. On February 6 a number of invited visitors assembled on board the steamer to inspect the "meat-room" and the refrigerating apparatus, and to test the experiment of bringing fresh meat by the freezing process from Australia to London. The average temperature kept during the voyage had been from 10 to 15 degrees of frost, and no difficulty was experienced, although the vessel was twenty-three days in the tropics. As the inspecting company sat down to a luncheon consisting almost entirely of Australian fresh meats which had been brought over in the *Strathleven*, and seemed to enjoy it highly, it may justly be inferred that the experiment was pronounced a success.

A JACAL IN THE HOT LANDS.

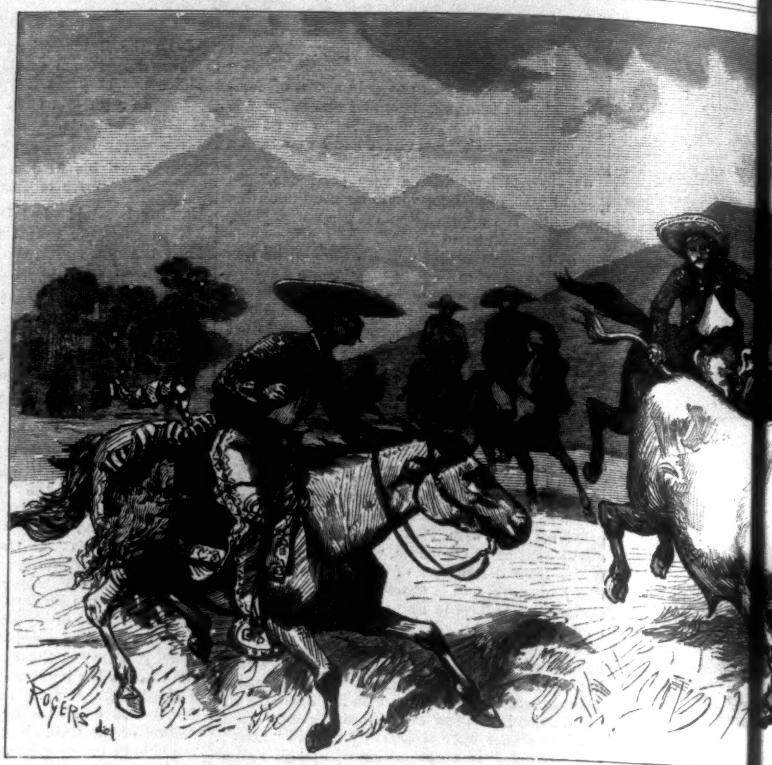
THROUGH MEXICO.

In the previous number of the Weekly, illustrations were given of Vera Cruz on the occasion of the visit of General Grant to "The City of the True Cross." This week we present a double page of interesting views along the route from there to the city of Mexico. The journey was taken in a special train of English coaches, or compartment cars.

The first two hours the run was made through the tierra caliente (hot lands), and it was hot indeed. The tropical sun beat down mercilessly through the double roofs of the coaches. A number of villages were passed made up of Indian jacals (pronounced *hacals*), and half smothered in rank and vigorous verdure. The organ cactus reared its giant pipes on every hillock. Then the train began to climb the slope leading to the foot-hills which cluster about the great peak of Orizaba, whose white head was all the while visible in the front. Now the track was bordered with coffee plantations, the forests became denser, and every tree supported a thicket of flowering vines and creepers and parasitic orchids. Bright-plumaged birds sped away, affrighted, from the road-side. It was much cooler now. Down the valleys there were sometimes glimpses of ruined stone bridges, and massive buildings covered with mould, telling of a higher civilization than that now existing, when all this slope was made a garden by the energetic Spaniards.

About fifty miles west of Vera Cruz the road leads through a deep and broken pass. The beautiful Fall of Atoyac, leaping from a crevice far below, was in view for a moment. It is one of the most interesting of the cataracts for which these mountains are famous. After passing through a tunnel, a cooler region was reached, but it was still warm enough for the cultivation of extensive fields of coffee. Cordova, about two miles from the station, is the central town of this region. Another hour and Orizaba was reached.

The following morning found all the streets leading to the central plaza alive with Indians driving little *burros*, which, like their owners, were laden with produce, for it was market-day. The visitors, after an early lunch, walked in the direction of the plaza, and were rewarded by a novel sight. The whole space was occupied by the Indian venders, whose wares, spread upon the ground on mats, were shaded by temporary shelters



"BULL-TAILING

a light frame-work and set to an angle
sun. The wares for sale embraced a wid
ornament. Innumerable babies crawled
quired no small care to avoid stepping
by booths for the sale of *pulque*, which is

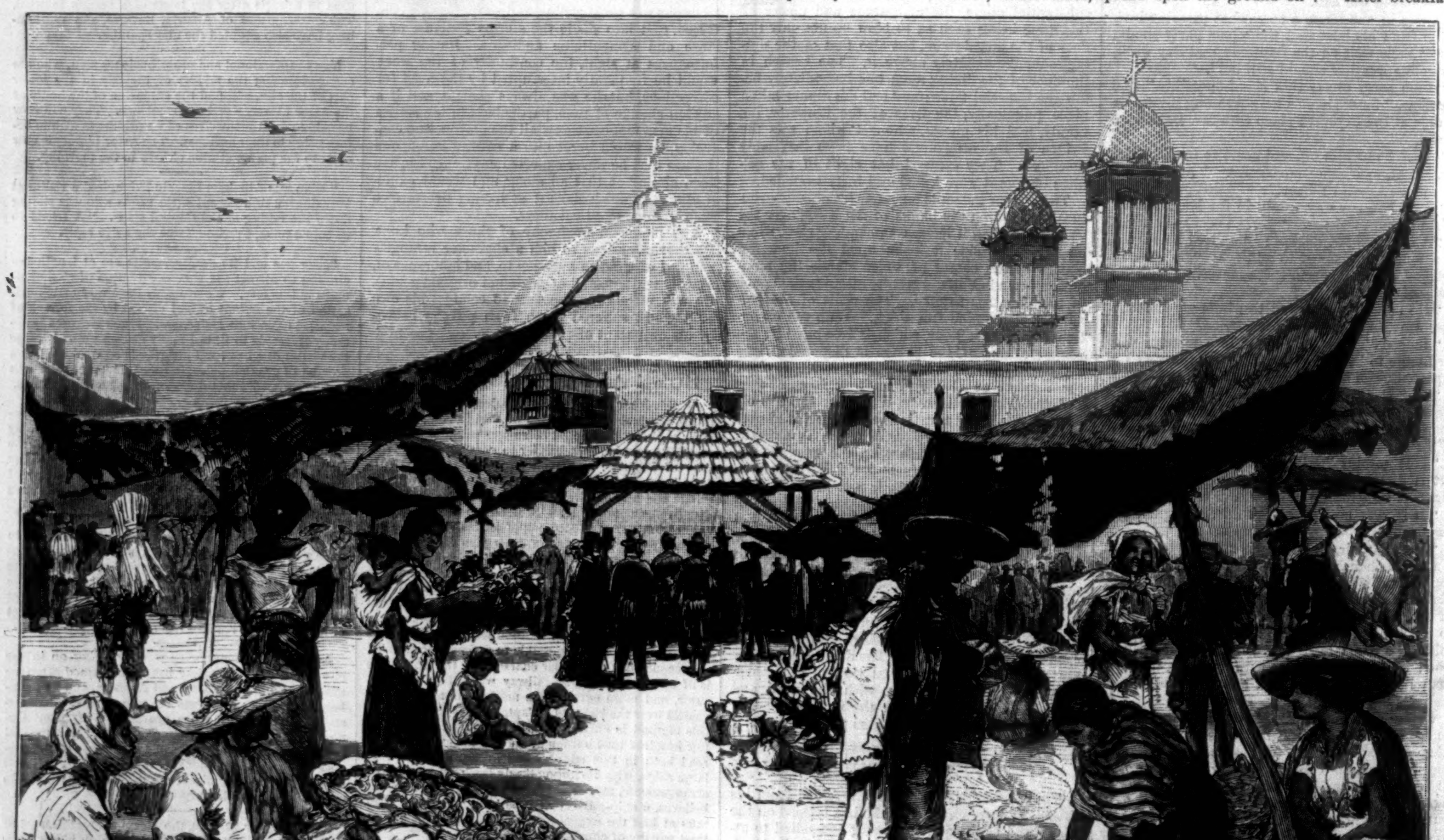
Omnibuses were next in order, and the
see the Rincon Grande, a fine cascade
shady lanes, where little Indians ran aft
the stalk. After a roundabout journey,
field where a regiment of regulars were d
path, the visitors were brought into the p
—the one a cataract, the other a subst
ferns, water grasses, and plantain leaves.
partaken of in due course. The former
ledges hidden in the midst of ferns an
swift-rushing stream. These were the F

After breakfast a "bull-tailing" was a
is the victim, but bey
of being thrown, the
The whole sport is
the fine horsemanshi
balleros to the numbe
mounted on superb st
their riders, in richly
ings. A dozen or m
loose in the field, p
charging about. The
was to catch Taurus
him to the ground.
with a little practice.

On the morning of
ty re-entered the spec
elling perhaps ten mi
luvial valley lands th
mountains was reach
zagged up the cliffs
feet to the mile, and
through a wild gorg
known as El Inferni
of scant verdure and
was to surmount gr
ing a bee-line across
other course of devious
until one looked down
into the city of Maltra

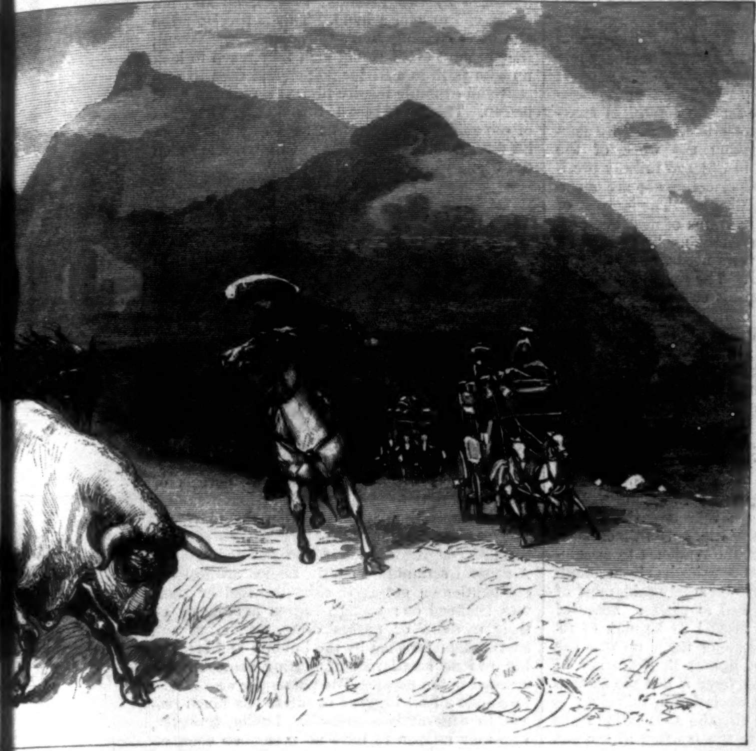
There are numerou
portion of the route,
last is the station of B
the train stops long
Here, too, the giant do
gine which pulled th
was replaced by an
From this point west
changed. Great dusty
to the bases of shado
ly peopled, but dotted
grazing cattle. Shad
the painful glare of th
ally passed. To the
the country seemed
fort-like and broad,
of planted fields. Th
pulque is made, reare
in long ranks across
the centre of the pul
platform was covere
of the delectable beve
very weak sour milk t
and forgotten.

The city of Mexico
o'clock in the evenin
dusty travellers aligh
luminations, to be wh
escort of a large body
the finest of Mexica
bearing a torch, ma
play. The streets le
prepared for the p
people. After a fo
reception committee
of supper, and the cro
dispersed.



VISIT TO THE MARKET AT ORIZABA.

FROM VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO—SCENES ALO



[...]AILING [A]T ORIZABA.

[s]helters [con]sisting of other mats stretched upon
[an] angle [cor]responding with the position of the
[an]d a wid[e ra]nge of articles of food, raiment, and
[c]rawled [abo]ut among the merchandise, and it re-
[st]epping [among] them. The market was surrounded
[w]hich is [th]e lager-beer of the Mexicans.
and the [pa]rty were taken upon a long drive to
[ca]scade [of t]he valley, passing *en route* through
[who] ran aft[er t]he vehicles to sell coffee berries on
[jo]urney, [halt] was finally made at noon in a large
were d[raw]n up in line. Passing down a steep
[t]o the p[rese]nce of two very delightful prospects
[a] subst[antia]l breakfast set beneath a bower of
leaves. [T]he latter was first in order, and was
former [wa]s a series of cascades leaping from
[fe]rns and [m]osses and nodding plantains, into a
[th]e the F[alls] of San Antonio.
was a[nno]unced. As in the bull-fight, Taurus
[b]ut bey[ond] the mortification
[tow]n, the [...] has little to fear.
[sp]ort is [ca]lculated to display
[hor]semanshi[p of] the riders. Ca-
numbe[r of] about forty were
[su]perb st[eeds], caparisoned, like
richly [em]broidered belong-
[...]n or m[ore] bulls were turned
[f]ield, p[awin]g the earth and
[...]t. The [ob]ject of the riders
[T]aurus [by h]is tail and throw
[gr]ound. [Th]is is easily done,
[pr]actice.
[mor]ning of [Feb]ruary 21 the par-
[th]e spec[ial t]rain. After trav-
ten mi[les a]long the rich al-
[l]ands th[e s]econd barrier of
[wa]s reach[ed.] The tracks zig-
cliffs [at] a grade of 210
[mi]le, and [fina]lly, after passing
[...]d gorg[e, ve]ry appropriately
Inferni[llo, we] entered a region
[...]re and [coole]r clime. Still it
[mo]unt gr[eate]r heights. Mak-
across [an] upland vale, an-
devious [win]dings led upward
[...]ed down [fro]m a dizzy height
[o]f Maltra[ta].
[N]umerou[s tu]nnels upon this
route, [...] just beyond the
[stat]ion of B[oca] del Monte, where
[wa]s long [en]ough for coffee.
[g]iant do[uble]-ender Fairlie en-
[pu]lled th[e tra]in up the steeps
by an [ordi]nary locomotive.
[...]nt west[war]d the scene was
[gre]at dusty [lla]nos reached away
[o]f shado[wy m]ountains sparse-
[...]t dotted [wi]th great herds of
Shad[...] towns, white in
[...]re of th[e su]n, were occasion-
To the [nor]thward of Apizaco
seemed [hig]her. Haciendas,
[b]road, [stre]tched over leagues
[...]s. The [ma]guey, from which
[...]e, reare[d its] spear-like leaves
across [the] plain. Apam is
the pul[que] industry, and its
covere[d wi]th hog-skins full
[...]ble beve[rage]. Pulque is like
[...] milk t[hat h]as been put away

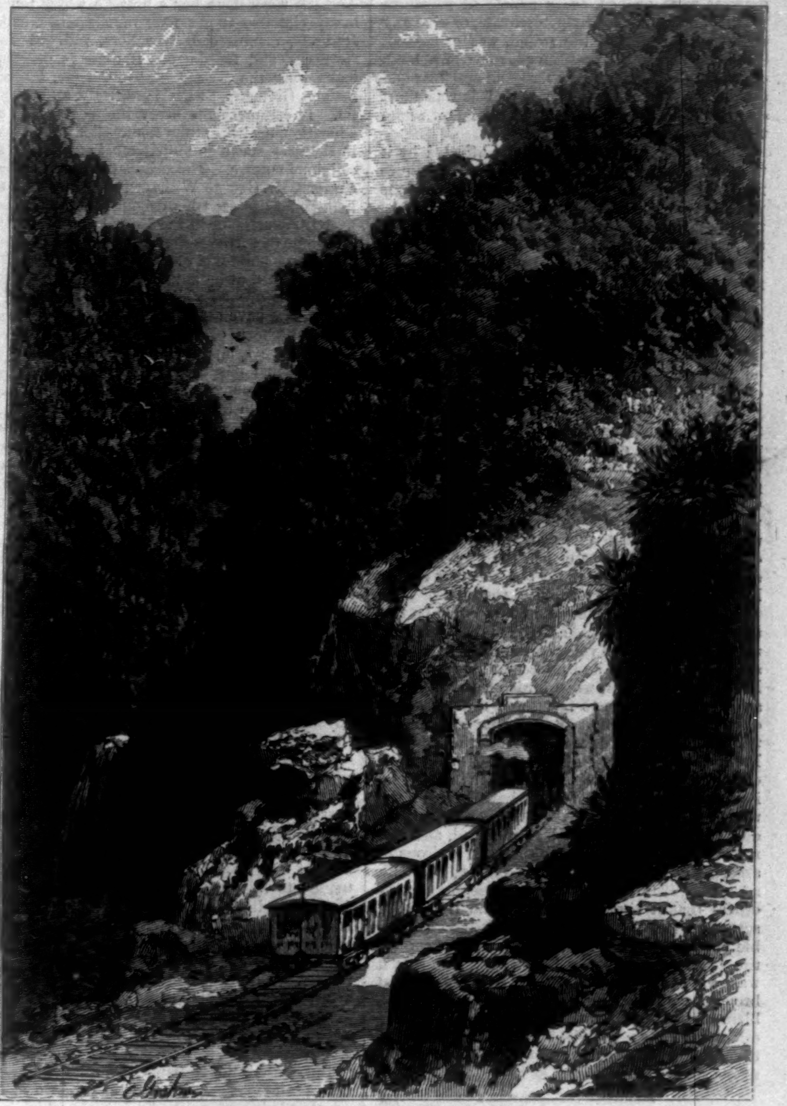
Mexico [was] reached at eight
evenin[g, a]nd the tired and
[wa]s aligh[ted i]n the midst of il-
[t]o be wh[irled] away under the
[lar]ge body [of] the Rural Guard,
Mexic[an ca]valry, each man
[...]ch, ma[king] a splendid dis-
[str]eets le[ading] to the residence
the p[...] were filled with
[...] a fo[rmal] welcome by the
[com]mittee[s. Th]e party partook
the cro[wd] in front gradually

A CURIOUS DOVE STORY.

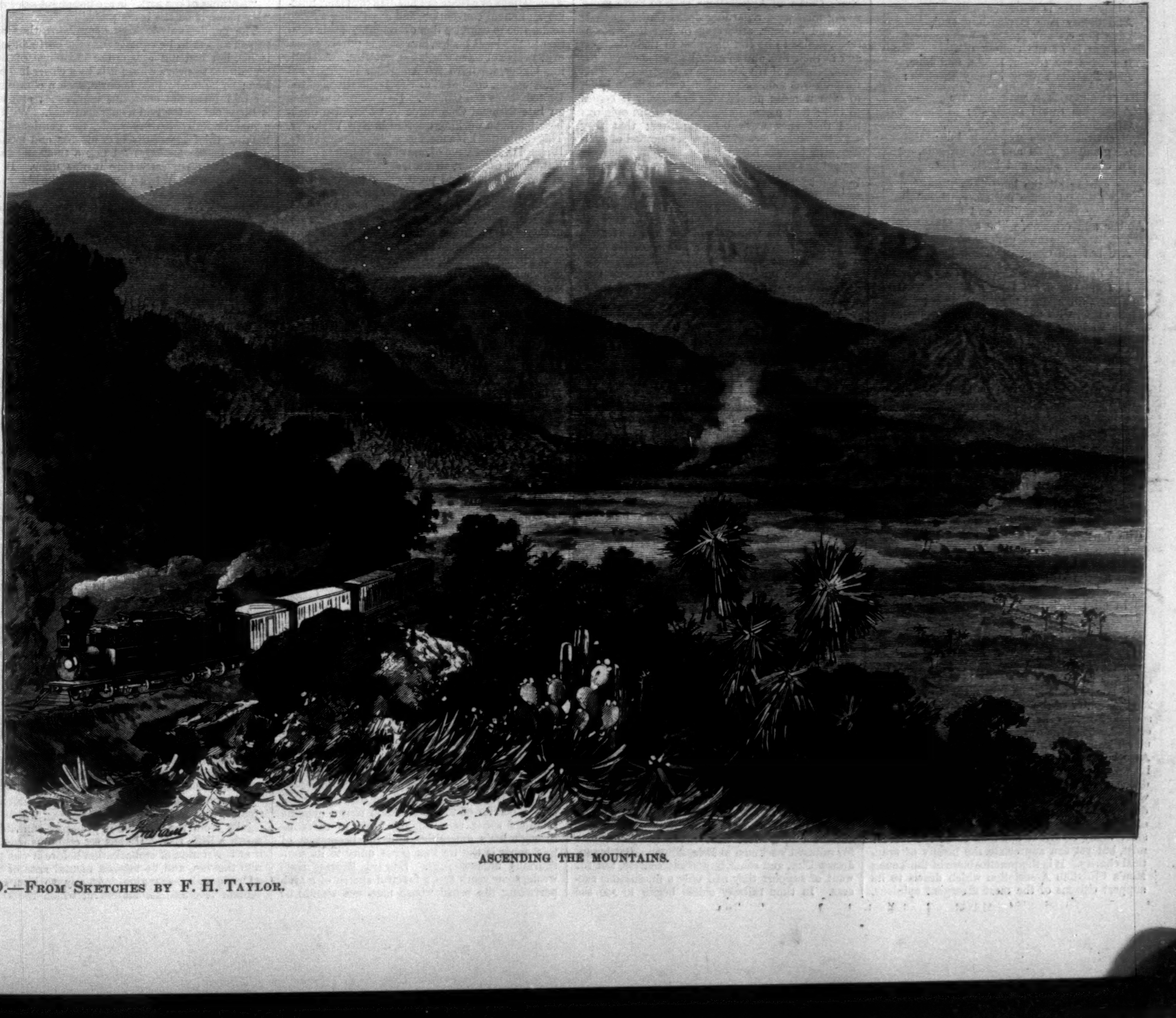
A LADY contributor writes to *Chambers's Journal* the following account of a strange occurrence:

My attention having been drawn to the incident related in your *Journal*, November 15, 1879, under the heading "A Welcome Guest," I thought it might interest those to whose recollections it was specially addressed, and any others of your readers who may have been struck by it, to hear of a somewhat similar visitation which, under very sad circumstances, happened to a relative of my own. The lady in question had just sustained the greatest loss that can befall a woman, in the death of her husband under circumstances that rendered the blow a more than ordinarily crushing one. So sudden had it been that no time for preparation or farewell had been vouchsafed; and the sudden rending of such a tie, after over thirty years of ever-increasing affection, left her singularly desolate, as she was childless, and without any very near relations. The house in which she lived was completely detached, standing in a large old-fashioned garden, with an extensive lawn, planted with shrubs and large fruit trees, some of which came close to the windows. A veranda ran round the back of the house, its sloping roof being just under the windows of the sleeping-rooms.

One night, while in the first freshness of her sorrow, she went to her bedroom, at the back of the house, at her usual hour—ten o'clock. It was in the month of December, and curtains were drawn, and a fire burning in the grate. Half mechanically she walked to the dressing-table, which stood before the window, and was in the act of laying her watch upon it, when she heard a low sound that seemed to her half a moan of pain, half a plaintive appeal, and altogether such as she had never heard before. With suspended breath, and greatly startled, she listened. It came again, louder and more prolonged. With nerves so shaken as hers were by her recent sorrow, she found it impossible to remain alone in the room with the noise unaccounted for, and with a feeling of something like terror, hastened to an adjoining apartment, summoned a friend who was staying with her, and brought her back to the room. The sound continued, and her friend being unable to account for it, the servants were rung up. The room was carefully searched,



THE FALL OF ATOYAC—MEXICAN RAILWAY.



ASCENDING THE MOUNTAINS.

ALO[N]G THE ROAD.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. H. TAYLOR.

drawers were opened, every article of furniture that could contain any living creature, or give any clew to the origin of the sound, was examined. The noise all the time continued, sometimes louder, sometimes softer, but never quite ceasing; and all that could be decided was that it was most distinct in the neighborhood of the window where the lady had first heard it.

The servants, seeing how much affected by it their mistress was, and unable to find any cause for it, had tried to persuade her it must be the wind in the chimney or the trees outside; but the night was calm, and the sound was altogether so strange, and it seemed to all so unlike anything they had ever heard before, the most ingenious theory failed to account for it. More and more the belief that it must be something supernatural impressed the lady's mind; and though eventually it ceased, and silence succeeded, even the presence of her friend, who remained with her at night, did not re-assure her sufficiently to induce sleep.

In the morning the mystery was explained, so far as so strange an incident was capable of explanation. The gardener had observed the day before a white pigeon in a large pear-tree that grew close to the window of the room the lady was occupying. He was much surprised, for there was no pigeon cot near, and he had never seen the bird before in the garden. As the day wore on, finding it still remained in the tree, he made several attempts to catch it; but it always eluded him, pertinaciously returning to the tree.

When he told his story, no doubt could be felt that, breaking the silence of the night in that retired spot, it was the voice of the pigeon that had sounded so strange and unaccountable; but the lateness of the hour, when birds of its kind have, as a rule, long gone to roost, and the possibility of a dove being there at all never having occurred to any one, none had recognized it at the moment. From the distinctness of the note—for all present had fancied the noise might be in the room—it was evident the bird must have been on the roof of the veranda immediately under the window. In the morning it had vanished, and was never seen again; although the lady, desirous of ascertaining if it were really a pigeon, and with some idea, if it could be found, of keeping it, gave orders that it should be traced, and if possible secured. Dismissing from our minds as untenable anything that here savors of what is termed the supernatural, one is bound to admit that it was a strange and touching coincidence that brought a bird so familiar to all minds as an emblem of wedded love, in apparent loneliness and distress, to utter its plaintive lament at so unusual an hour under the window of one grieving under such a bereavement as hers.

PATCHWORK.

MY lady's hair is white as milk,
And dainty lace is o'er it spread,
Lace fine as any spider's web;
Her dress is of the richest silk,
Her eyes are tender, bright, and blue,
And she sits sewing all day through:

Sits sewing with a patience rare
A cushion tinted manifold:
Of richest satins, cloth of gold,
And softest velvets wondrous fair:
Of glancing silks and rich brocade,
In cunning skill and beauty laid.

Thus sewing all the long days through,
She said, "I make my story, dears—
A story full of smiles and tears.
Amber and crimson, white and blue,
Bright greens and pinks and purple pale,
Are but the chapters of my tale.

"This dainty square of rosy hue
Is from the dress I wore that day
Your father stole my heart away;
This white, with silver threaded through,
My wedding suit. What days divide
The widow from the happy bride!

"This sable velvet, this, this, that,
Are portions of some splendid vest
(Your father still was nobly dress'd);
This circle was a rich cravat;
I had a dress the same that year
He went to Washington, my dear!

"My Harry's tie of sailor blue
And Charley's crimson sash are here,
And your first ball dress, Mabel dear:
Sweet baby Grace you never knew,
She died so soon—this tiny square,
Is from the bow that bound her hair.

"So, darlings, let me dream and sew:
These strips of pink and gray and gold
The story of my life unfold:
And as the still days come and go,
The happy Past comes back to me,
In all Love's tender fantasy."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

ON the last day of the year 1879 the bequest of the late William Niblo, amounting to $150,000, for the library of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, was paid over by his executors. That the owner of one of the most popular theatres of the city should have made the Association his residuary legatee is evidence that its work has been so done as to win the confidence of men of the world. There are thousands who care little for theological hair-splitting, who do not wish to know the differences which mark off evangelical from liberal Christianity, who consider many doctrinal opinions to be the merest mist, but yet can appreciate the beauty of practical charity. It is the practicalness of the Young Men's Christian Association which draws to its support citizens of the most divergent opinions. And the work done has a breadth which touches many classes—young men of the cities, college students, commercial travellers, railroad men, Germans, and freedmen. It extends geographically over the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Australia. It comprehends every interest—study and care, education, health, employment, relief in need, care in sickness, social and intellectual enjoyment, and religious culture. The originator of these Associations, Mr. George Williams, of London, is still living; he has seen his original thought expand until there are now in the United States and Canada alone 854 Associations, with 99,000 members, possessing buildings of the value of $1,924,770, and sustained at an annual expense of $376,250.

The idea around which all these groups of organizations have crystallized is that the uncared-for young men of our cities and larger towns should have sympathy and help. Ingenuity is taxed to find out their precise wants. Indeed, the needs of young men are nowhere so profoundly studied as in the secretarial offices of these Associations; a conclave of Association secretaries will embody more hard sense for the prosecution of charitable work than many a conclave of bishops. Supposing a young man of good moral character to be within reach of the Association in New York, for example, there is an Invitation Committee to call his attention to the benefits offered. Once properly introduced, a Reception Committee is prepared to welcome him to Sunday evening tea or the monthly reunions. A Library Committee or its librarian will hand over to him all the privileges of a well-furnished reading-room and a well-stocked library. A Literary Committee will offer him membership in a debating club, or instruction in special studies. If he is muscular, a gymnasium invites him to every variety of physical exercise; if devotional, Bible classes conducted by skillful leaders are ready to enroll him; if burning with religious zeal, Christian work is put into his hands. He is held gently but firmly in a net-work of good influences, and is strengthened in right purposes by all the force of fellowship. It is to the honor of the Association that although its control is confined to members of evangelical Churches, its benefits are extended to all young men of irreproachable conduct. Calvinist and Arminian, Churchman and Dissenter, Protestant and Catholic, evangelical and liberal, may often be found under one roof, sedulously cultivating the spirit of Christian fraternity. The Association is one of the best outgrowths of the catholic spirit of our times, and of the determination to look beyond differences of opinion to the inner realities of Christian character.

But, withal, the Christian Associations are not lax in principle. As far back as 1856 they adopted what is known as the Paris basis, which is formulated in the following language: "The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be His disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of His kingdom among men." This formula was modified in 1868, and again in 1869, to give it more precision. Practically it comes to this: that persons cherishing certain opinions find that they work best together; that they take the same views of the proper method of dealing with human nature; that they instinctively appeal to the same classes of truths for the purpose of producing conviction in the mind. And as all power over conduct is secured by first moulding opinion, it is indispensable that there be union in opinion in order to harmony in work. It is one of the triumphs of our age that theological differences count for less than they did a century ago; perhaps the liberalizing process may advance farther still; at any rate, we may congratulate ourselves that the spirit of union has reached the goal already won.

All along the history of this organization the founders have builded wiser than they knew. Originally it embraced a few young men of London in the drapery and other trades; now it enlists many men who have achieved honorable distinction in the world. Among the trustees of the New York Association are Stewart Brown, Robert L. Stuart, James Stokes, and Robert Lenox Kennedy; in its Finance Committee are Cornelius Vanderbilt and William E. Dodge, Jun. Good judgment and skillful administration have raised up powerful friends; men whose hands are full of business are active sharers in Association labors. Some events, too, which portended disaster have proved to be steps in the process of growth. At the breaking out of the late civil war the Associations were threatened with disintegration. The young men of the country rushed into the army; the Associations of the South were cut off from fellowship. In a short time, however, an army committee was formed by the New York Association, to carry forward Christian work among the soldiers encamped in and around the city. A new field of almost illimitable magnitude was opened. Delegates from numerous Associations met in the city, and finally organized the United States Christian Commission, whose history is part of the history of the country from 1861 to 1865. Without doubt the Sanitary and the Christian commissions did more to alleviate the horrors of war than any other agencies ever known; their example has been copied in all the civilized world.

A like unexpectedness has marked other growths of Association enterprise. While the Pacific Railroad was building, some one suggested the importance of labor for the moral welfare of the men employed upon it and gathered to it by the prospect of business chances. The suggestion was adopted, with fruitful results. Intermittent efforts were next made to open rooms for railroad workmen at Erie, Altoona, Baltimore, Jersey City, and other important centres, but for want of support they had only a fluctuating success. In time railway chiefs began to see the value of these disinterested labors for the moral welfare of their vast forces of men. The Vanderbilts, Mr. Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania road, and Mr. John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio road, contributed freely to the support of secretaries named by the Christian Associations, and offered rooms for the holding of meetings. Now in Indianapolis twelve railway companies unite in supporting the work of the Christian Associations; in Chicago railway presidents, managers, and superintendents are members of Association committees. The interest of the companies in this apparatus of moral and religious culture is plain enough. The engineer who takes charge of a train needs, of all men, to be sober and self-poised. The lives of hundreds of passengers depend on his coolness and intelligent interpretation of orders. The number of men employed by the railways of the United States approximates a million; it will before many years be much greater. Reading-rooms, libraries, religious and social meetings to occupy them when off duty, can only make them more efficient when duty is to be done.

The weak point of all these organizations is their lack of coherence. A few young men of a village or town, quite enthusiastic to improve themselves and others, hire a room, meet for a few months, and before a year is past disband. The history of the Associations is full of such failures. To counteract the tendency to dissolution, a system of paid secretaries has been adopted, without which, it may be safely said, most of the Associations would fall to pieces. Some of these secretaries have proved to be men of remarkable character. Among them no one has achieved more than Mr. Robert R. McBurney, of New York. To his quiet force is due the smooth administration of the Association in this city; to him more than any one else the Association owes the impulse which led to the erection of the fine building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Mr. McBurney has devoted his life with entire singleness of purpose to the well-being of the young men of the country, and has seen abundant fruit of his labors. His is essentially an organizing mind, and the impress of his organizing power is seen in all departments of Association enterprise. The salaried secretaries are now an important factor of the system; they have increased in number from twelve in 1870 to 150 in 1880, and their annual meetings for counsel are important events.

These officers could, however, accomplish but little without an interdependence of the Associations on each other, running up from the local union of a town to the general council of all the Associations of the world. First are the local organizations, occupying hired rooms, in some instances their own buildings, and employing secretaries to conduct the necessary business. Then follow the State and provincial organizations, composed of the Associations of a State or Canadian province, holding an annual convention, and appointing a State committee to exercise due oversight. Their relation to the local bodies, however, is purely advisory; twelve of them employ secretaries. Ascending higher, we have the American international organization, composed of the Associations of the United States and Canada. Its executive agent is an International Committee of twenty-five members, having a working quorum in New York city. This committee has a most capable secretary in Mr. Richard C. Morse, son of one of the founders of the New York *Observer*, an alert, energetic officer, full of American tact and push, quick to discern the opening doors, and prompt to enter them. Beginning with the editorial charge of an Association newspaper, he has found in the International Committee a larger sphere of wholly congenial duty. The committee is a vigorous body, and has taken in hand the fostering of Associations among college students, commercial travellers, Germans, colored young men, and railroad men. At the top of all is the International Central Committee, which met in Geneva, Switzerland, June, 1879, and appointed as its secretary Mr. Charles Fermaud. Since his election Mr. Fermaud has visited the United States and Canada, and has spent several months in examining American Associations and their methods. He is young, skillful, abundant in resource, and will, it is believed, do much to develop the root idea of the Associations throughout the Continent of Europe.

It needs but a glance at the facts to show one that the germinal thought of these fraternities has had a more rapid growth in America than elsewhere. We combine with greater facility than is known among the people of the Old World. The Associations of the United States and Canada far outnumber those of Europe. On the European Continent government interference with voluntary organizations has produced in the population a habit of caution, not to say timidity, which we here can hardly appreciate. In England the growth has not been as rapid as might have been anticipated. Still, the London Association is a strong, compact body. The field opening in the United States is almost without limit. Among other happy suggestions, is one that commercial travellers be furnished with tickets entitling them to the privileges of the Associations in all parts of the land. Employment bureaus have been opened in New York and Chicago, and have helped many young men. The Bowery branch in this city furnishes lodgings and free meals to men who have been reduced to destitution. Yet in all this charitable work the religious idea is kept uppermost. Library and lectures, reading-room and gymnasium, bed and bread, are subsidiary to the purpose of promoting the moral and religious culture of young men. It is a maxim of the Association that a genuine religious spirit is a mighty force to carry us through life's difficulties, and the promotion of this spirit is the tie that gives unity to its multifarious undertakings. Edward Everett Hale wrote, some years ago, a fanciful sketch of a club pervading the world, whose members should be governed by two maxims: to look up and not down, and to lend a hand. This is precisely the aim of the Young Men's Christian Associations; they prompt every young man they reach to look up with faith to a Divine helper, and then by precept and example inspire him to do all the good he can. This is the best of theologies. The creed of the good Samaritan, who runs to the relief of his fellow, and plies his wine and oil, is one which the whole world can understand.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

BAGGAGE RISKS IN ENGLAND.

THE English still cling to the old-fashioned bungling method, or want of method, of managing baggage on their railways, to the great inconvenience and annoyance of travellers. A writer in *Chambers's Journal*, in an interesting article, from which the following extracts are taken, describes the looseness of the present system, and strongly urges the adoption of the American or Continental way of doing things.

The scene at the stations is pictured as one of utter confusion. Arriving at the terminus, the porters begin to tear out the luggage—portmanteaus, boxes, hat-boxes, carpet-bags, parcels of every description—and toss them helter-skelter into an indiscriminate heap upon the platform. The passengers whose property is thus roughly handled congregate around, nervous and excited. A general scramble ensues. Ladies are jostled; old gentlemen get their shins bruised or their toes tramped on; young children holding on by their mothers' or nurses' dress, wondering and confused, or terrified by the hubbub and screaming, run no small risk of getting smothered or crushed in the press. The passenger who is able to collect all his luggage in safety has much reason to congratulate himself. Ladies, however, who may happen to have no masculine companion to look after their traps, and who may not be particularly strong-minded and strong-bodied, shrink back, and stand aloof in the outskirts of the crowd, and so run a proportionally greater risk of being robbed. In the midst of the bustle and confusion and crush, a gentlemanly-looking individual quickly and quietly gets hold of a portmanteau, adroitly half conceals it with a plaid or great-coat, and walks off. The chances are he eludes detection, and secures his prize. He will certainly do so if the owner has not his eye on his property, for assuredly there is no one else who will interfere. But it is possible the owner, if he is pretty sharp, and happens to be pretty far forward in the crowd, recognizes his property thus surreptitiously taken possession of. He pounces upon the "gentleman" with a rough challenge: "Hollo! where are you going with my portmanteau?"

"*Your* portmanteau!" is the confident reply: "it is mine."

"Nothing of the sort," is the indignant answer. "My name is on the brass plate."

The gentlemanly-looking depredator, thus arrested, affects to be equally sure the portmanteau is his, but can not escape the challenge of the real owner to prove whose it is by a closer inspection; so he mildly puts it down, with a charming air of injured but conscious innocence; and lo! it turns out as the real owner had said. With a genial and deprecatory smile, the gentlemanly-looking thief gracefully lifts his hat and makes a most ample apology: "I beg a thousand pardons; I was perfectly sure it was mine. It is exactly like it. What a stupid mistake!"

The proprietor of said portmanteau is somewhat ruffled, but congratulates himself upon his promptness in recovering his property without any more trouble or inconvenience, never thinking at the moment that in all probability, if he had not been in the front rank of the crowd, and keeping a sharp outlook, he would never have seen it again. This is no imaginary case. It is exactly what the writer once witnessed, and it is what no doubt often occurs.

Another thing certainly also often occurs. The thief is not noticed, and gets clear off with his booty. And what remedy is there? What can you do in such a case as we have sketched? If you were sure the gentlemanly-looking depredator was a thief, you would very probably give him into custody. But how can you be sure or prove he was not speaking the truth? Perhaps he was. Perhaps he was no thief. He did not look like one. Portmanteaus are very much alike. A perfectly honest man might have made such a mistake. You shrink from causing a scene on the platform. It might turn out that he is a perfectly honorable gentleman, and of course therefore utterly incapable of doing such a thing as you suspect; and you would in that case be so grieved to wound his feelings by charging him with theft. Whatever your suspicions may be, you are glad enough you have not lost your property, and you do not care to put yourself to the inconvenience of following up the matter any further.

There is another way in which passengers' luggage is in danger of being lost, and often is lost. It may have been properly addressed and labelled to your intended destination; but, as every one knows, there is never any difficulty in getting it from the guard at any intermediate station. You say to the guard, "I want my portmanteau, labelled to such a place, and with my name on it"—giving your name. "I'm going to wait here till next train." You look into the van, and point out what you want—the label and address just as you said. The guard hands it out to you without hesitation or suspicion. Now suppose instead of the applicant being yourself—the owner—it is some one else, a professional portmanteau-stealer, who wants your portmanteau, which he thinks from the look of it promises something worth a little risk. He has set covetous eyes on it at the station of embarkation before it was put into the van, and he takes a mental note of the address and destination. At any, to him, convenient intermediate station at which the train

may be stopping, he applies to the guard just as you might have done, giving all particulars of name, address, and destination, with the most innocent and off-hand promptness, and, as easily as you would have done, carries off your property in triumph.

A few months ago the writer was travelling from Stirling to Edinburgh. His luggage was labelled and addressed to the Waverley terminus. It fortunately happened that he was looking out of the window, at the Haymarket Station, where tickets are collected, and was not a little surprised to see a man coolly walking away with his portmanteau. Springing out of the train, he speedily recovered it. The train was just starting, and he had no time to consider whether he should take any further notice of the matter; but he very strongly suspects he made an exceedingly narrow escape of being victimized by a portmanteau-stealer. A lady friend of the present writer, going from Stirling to Glasgow, saw her portmanteau, which was fully addressed, properly labelled at Stirling Station, and put on the railway barrow amongst other luggage in charge of a porter, ready to be put into the van on the arrival of the train from the north. Never doubting that all was right, she did not go to see it put in; but when she arrived at Glasgow, her portmanteau was nowhere to be found; and she never recovered it or obtained any trace of it; nor did she obtain any compensation from the company, being unable to *prove* that it was put into the luggage van. It was stolen, that was certain; and all the probabilities pointed to its having been "appropriated" at one of the intermediate stations in some such way as we have indicated.

A BABY ELEPHANT.

A very interesting event—the birth of a baby elephant—took place at the circus stables of Cooper & Bailey, Philadelphia, early in the morning of March 10. The importance of the affair to the world of science will be realized when it is stated that it is the first authenticated instance of the kind that has ever taken place among these animals in a state of captivity. It is said that a similar event occurred in London some time during the last century, but there is no positive proof in regard to it.

At the sides of the stable-room where this little creature was born were a number of large elephants chained to posts, while Hebe, the mother, was chained in the centre of the room, where she was safe from molestation. The moment the baby was born, the other elephants set up a tremendous bellowing, threw their trunks about, wheeled around, stood on their hind-legs, and cavorted and danced in the highest glee, as though they had gone mad. The excitement communicated itself to Hebe, and she became almost frantic. With a terrific plunge she broke the chains and ropes which held her, and grasping up the little baby elephant with her trunk, threw it about twenty yards across the room, letting it fall near a large hot stove—where a fire is always kept burning—then followed with a mad rush, bellowing and lashing her trunk as though she would carry everything before her.

The keeper, who was on watch alone, fled for his life, and not a moment too soon. Around the stove was a stout timber railing, against which Hebe charged with such effect that she reduced it to kindling-wood in short order. Not stopping here, she struck the stove, and knocked it into the position of the Leaning Tower of Pisa in an instant, and badly smashed the pipe. The keeper meantime had given the alarm, and three or four others coming to his assistance, the animal was, after some trouble, secured and chained to the post again.

The other elephants meanwhile kept bellowing and lashing their trunks, as if to welcome the little stranger. The attendants gently led it back to the mother, and the keepers and others who had been attracted by the unusual commotion at once became interested in nursing it. It would run about with its mouth open, very much like a young colt. The old elephant would not stand still long enough to suckle it, being constantly swaying and swinging about, so the keepers hit on the happy expedient of procuring a funnel, and a rubber tube about a yard in length. Inserting one end of the tube in the baby's mouth, they fed it by milking into the funnel at the other end, the little new-comer taking its sustenance with a relish, until it declared it could take no more by promptly jerking its mouth away. Later in the day, however, the baby proceeded to feed itself by the natural source provided for it. Throwing back its trunk, the baby applied its mouth to the mother's breast, and fed itself in a perfectly natural and easy manner. Writers of to-day have held that the young elephant uses its trunk in the process of suckling, while ancient writings were directly to the contrary. The early statements have been thus proved to be correct.

The baby elephant is a female. She is a queer-looking little animal, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, with a very diminutive specimen of a trunk, and with a disposition to run at things blindly like a young colt. She stands 35 inches high, measures 3 feet 11½ inches around the body, and weighs 213 pounds.

Hebe, the mother, is twenty years old, and weighs 8000 pounds. She is one of five brought to this country from Ceylon in 1865. The father of the infant is called Mandrie. He is three years older than Hebe, and came with her to this country. The mother is very affectionate toward her offspring, and inclined to regard the approach of strangers with suspicion. At such times she raises a peculiar cry, to which all the other elephants respond with great excitement. The keepers say that if the baby were threatened with danger, no chains would be strong enough to hold them, so overwhelming is the interest which they manifest in the little stranger and its mother.

PARSIMONIOUS PEOPLE.

It is a duty of every one to be thrifty; but it should be kept in mind there is a difference between thrift and mean parsimony. Some people who are at ease in their circumstances make themselves ridiculous by shabby attempts at saving. We once knew an old Scotch lady who, though she had a considerable sum of money left her, was parsimonious to an extraordinary extent. As she grew old she grew more miserly, until she would not allow herself milk for her tea or meat for dinner. Bent double with rheumatism in her old age, she would not pay any one to wash or clean her house, but with infinite labor accomplished these tasks for herself. She never would send for a doctor, for she pithily remarked, "They cost a power o' siller, and did no good." On bitter winter days we often found her shivering over a single handful of fire; a small piece of hard cheese and a cup of tea with mouldy bread her only dinner. When she died, she left about eight hundred pounds, besides various moneys in silver, copper, and bank-notes, which she had stuffed into drawers and various secret recesses. All her money went to a couple of nephews, who never paid her the least respect, and who even grudged the necessary outlay for her funeral.

An old clergyman of very mean habits got married when far advanced in life, to the great surprise of all his acquaintances, who wondered at such an act of extravagance. Upon inquiry, however, it was found that he had married entirely from motives of economy. The lady of his choice was the widow of a respectable school-master, who after her husband's decease was in the habit of lending him the clothes of the defunct; so, thinking that marriage would put him in possession of the remainder of the said garments, he proposed, and was accepted. His stipend was, with glebe and other things, about two hundred pounds per annum, yet by dint of sheer niggardliness he died leaving many thousands. He made a point of picking up and taking home anything he could find—a piece of coal fallen from a passing cart, an old lucifer-match box, pieces of stick from a neighboring wood—anything to save outlay in his own house. He never wrote on a new sheet of paper, always using blank pages of other people's letters, and turned all envelopes outside in, so as to make them available for his own use. After his death, a drawer full of turned envelopes, gummed together in a very ingenious way, was found. On one occasion he gave a dinner, which consisted of a sheep's head minus the trotters, which were to be kept for next day's dinner.

There was a Thomas Pett who died in Clifford's Passage, London, in 1803. He was a native of Warwickshire. He came to London at the age of ten, with one shilling in his pocket. As he had no friends or relations in the city, he was indebted to the kindness of an old woman who sold pies for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself employment. Some time after, he was engaged as errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. Mrs. Dip—the chandler's wife—being "a lady of London mould," could not endure his rustic manners and awkward gait; so she sent him off one bitter winter's night, with the remark, "Your master hired you in *my* absence, and I'll turn you off in *his*." The good husband did not desert Tom, however; he found him out, and sent him as apprentice to a butcher in Southwark. For the first five years he had twenty-five pounds a year and meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expense were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to three heads—lodging, clothing, and washing. For the first he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a stray sunbeam. Of his dress every article was second-hand. Nor was he choice in the color or quality, sagely observing, when he was teased about his garb, that according to Solomon there was nothing new under the sun, and that as to color, it was a mere matter of fancy. Concerning washing, he said that no man deserved a clean shirt who could not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed upon soap. There was one expense, however, that always weighed heavily on his mind, and often robbed him of a night's rest, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had never learned to shave himself. He used to console himself under this affliction by hoping that one day beards would become fashionable. He made a promise to himself that as soon as he had amassed a thousand pounds, he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to treat himself till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then reduced his portion to half a pint once a week. If he heard of an auction anywhere near, he ran quickly and begged a catalogue, as if anxious to buy, and after he had collected a number of these he sold them for waste-paper. When he heard an accidental rumor that the bank in which his money was had failed, he shook from head to foot, and took to his bed, refusing to eat until he was assured that all was right. He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room or go to bed by candle-light. He loved good cheer—at the cost of another. "Every man," said he, "should eat when he can; an empty sack can not stand." Once on a time he was prompted by the demon of extravagance to purchase a whole pint of small-beer; but after buying it, was so overcome by remorse that he locked it in his closet; then threw the key out of the window, that he might not be tempted to make too free with it.

Thus lived Thomas Pett, whose pulse for the last twenty years of his life rose and fell with the funds; who for forty-two years lived in Clare Market as journeyman butcher; who lodged for thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up by coal or candle-light or the face of a visitor; who never treated man, woman, or child to a glass of any kind of liquor; who almost never ate a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing to a woman; who would not trust a laundress with a pocket-handkerchief; who considered all must be mad or foolish that did not pile up gold; and who tried to bargain for his coffin half an hour before he died. He left two thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or written to. The list of his wearing-apparel, taken by a wag in the neighborhood, runs thus: "An old bald wig. A hat as soft as a pancake. Two shirts that might pass for fishing-nets. A pair of stockings darned with every color. A pair of old sandals. A bedstead. A toothless comb. A very old almanac. One old chair and wretched table. A small looking-glass. And a leathern bag with one guinea in it."

A miser of even more penurious habits than Mr. Pett was Mr. Daniel Dancer, who was born in 1716, and was the eldest of four children. His father lived on Harrow Weald Common, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he possessed property to a very considerable amount, which his son Daniel, by a most determined and whimsical abstemiousness, increased to upward of three thousand per annum. The childhood of Daniel Dancer passed without anything remarkable. It was only when he attained his majority that he began to display a "saving knowledge" perfectly incredible. He had a sister whose disposition agreed perfectly with his own, and as they lived together many years, their stories are necessarily connected, and would furnish the most melancholy instance of the infirmity and folly of human nature.

Mr. Dancer's wardrobe might justly boast more colors, textures, and substances than the garments of a company of strolling players, and yet notwithstanding all his curious patching, his garments often failed to cover his skin, though he strove to keep all together by a strong hay band round his waist. Linen was a luxury to which, in spite of his avarice, he was not wholly a stranger; for at an early period of his life he used to buy two shirts every year; but for some time before his death he never allowed himself more than one. After this shirt got into his possession, it was doomed to hang upon his back till it fell off in rags, never being either washed or mended. After his sister's death, a pair of sheets as black as soot-bags were discovered upon the beds; but these Mr. Dancer would never suffer to be removed; and when they were at length worn out, they were never replaced; so that after that time he relinquished the use of linen to sleep in. He never would allow any one to make his bed; and at the time of his death it was observed to be filled with sticks which he had stolen from different hedges. His room was not swept for many years.

Mr. Dancer's ingenuity in concealing his money was most wonderful. His bank-notes were usually deposited with the spiders; they were laid among the cobwebs in the cow-house, and his guineas were placed in holes in the chimney and about the fire-place. The house, or rather the heap of ruins, in which Mr. Dancer lived, and which after his death Captain Holmes succeeded to, was a miserable decayed building, dreadful in its external appearance, for it had not been repaired for more than half a century. But though poor in outward appearance, the ruinous fabric was rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its contents. One of the richest escritoires was found to be a dung-heap in the cow-house, from which a sum little short of two thousand five hundred pounds was disinterred; and in an old jacket, carefully tied and strongly nailed down to the manger, were found in bank-notes and gold five hundred pounds more. Several large bowls filled with guineas, half guineas, and quantities of silver were discovered at different times in searching the corners of the house, and various parcels of bank-notes stuffed into old cushions and chairs. In the stable Captain Holmes found some jugs of silver money. The chimney was not left unsearched, and well repaid the trouble; for in nineteen different holes, all filled with soot, were found various sums of money, amounting to more than two hundred pounds. And to finish up with, six hundred pounds in bank-notes was found in an old tea-pot. Thus living wretchedly, and dying with not one vestige of comfort, Daniel Dancer and his miserly sister furnish to all future generations an illustration of the extreme of penuriousness.

An extraordinary character lived some twenty years ago in a small Scotch town on the Firth of Forth. His name was Joe Taylor. He occupied a miserable hovel, and wandered abroad over the country buying rags, old bones, etc., bundles of which were carried by a poor starved ass, the sole living creature belonging to him. The only food he allowed this wretched quadruped was the grass that grew at the side of the roads in their many wanderings, or a bundle of forage abstracted from some farm-place. Taylor's food consisted of whatever he could beg, borrow, or steal—a few turnips lifted from the fields, some mussels or other shell-fish laboriously gathered on the shore, broken victuals from houses of the rich, old cabbage-stalks—anything, in short, that would stop the cravings of a naturally healthy appetite. Living near the shore, Joe made a point of watching for wreckage of any sort, and it was a happy day for him when any floating cargo made its appearance on the beach. One day great excitement prevailed among the fisher-people. The surface of the waves was covered to a considerable distance with quantities of apples, probably part of some wreck. The inhabitants plunged into the sea, securing as many as they could, but were outdone by Joe, who with greedy eagerness managed to clutch a peck or two, which he sold next day in the town. After his death, which was hastened by a violent cold caught in an unusually long ramble, his hut was searched, and in various holes and corners money to a considerable amount was found—not less than eighty pounds in all. In a corner of the hovel, under a stone of the uneven and broken floor, were found no fewer than three dozen silver spoons, of all sorts and sizes, discolored with damp, and marked with various initials. It was thought that Joe, in the course of his many years' depredations, must have carried off a stray spoon every now and then, and so accumulated these, of which he never made any use, and which he was probably afraid to sell. It was quite possible that in Joe's visits to the kitchens of the neighborhood he might have helped himself to what he saw lying about, while the cook brought her dish of broken scraps from some back kitchen or cupboard. Hence the mystery of the spoons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Lever, the novelist, noticing that the hand of a woman who was bringing him some tea, at a small country hotel, shook tremulously, kindly said to her, "I am sorry to see, Biddy, that you have a weakness in your hand." "Oh, your honor," she replied, with a glance of indescribable humor, "the wakeness is not in me hand, but inside the tay-pot."

She was my idyl when I wooed,
My idol when I won;
My idol when, in after-years,
Ways idle she had none.

"Does ye kape nothin' but dry goods here?" "Yes, ma'am." "Thin where will I be afther goin' for a wathered silk?"

A gentleman was conversing with an English doctor about a very famous Scotch surgeon, whose audacity in his experiments was at least equal to his skill. "I wonder," said he, innocently, "why such a man remains in Scotland?" "Because," answered the doctor, gravely, "in Scotland there are no coroners' inquests."

What kind of robbery is not dangerous?—A safe robbery, of course.

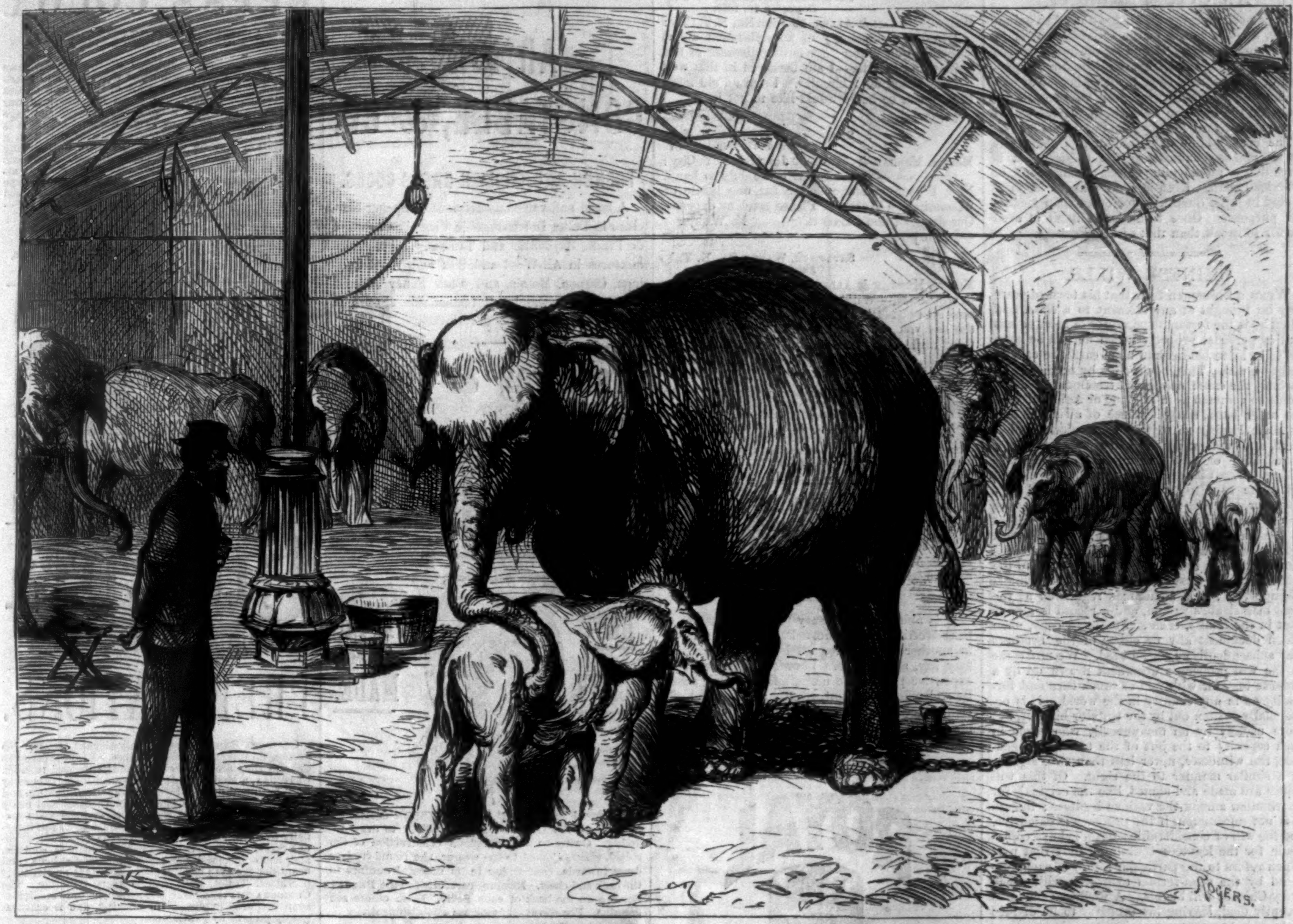
Physicians are proverbially absent-minded, and the reason is obvious—they are often rapped up in their profession.

A certain Scotch gillie, it is said, is not often ill, but once he had the toothache. "And what did you do for it?" said one to him. "Weel, I just bought saxpenn'orth o' laudanum, and mixed it wi' a pint o' whiskey, and drank it; but it was na good." Here there was a pause, after which the speaker resumed: "So then I got another saxpenn'orth o' laudanum, and put it into a quart o' whiskey." "Well?" "Weel, when I woke, two days after, there was na toothache."

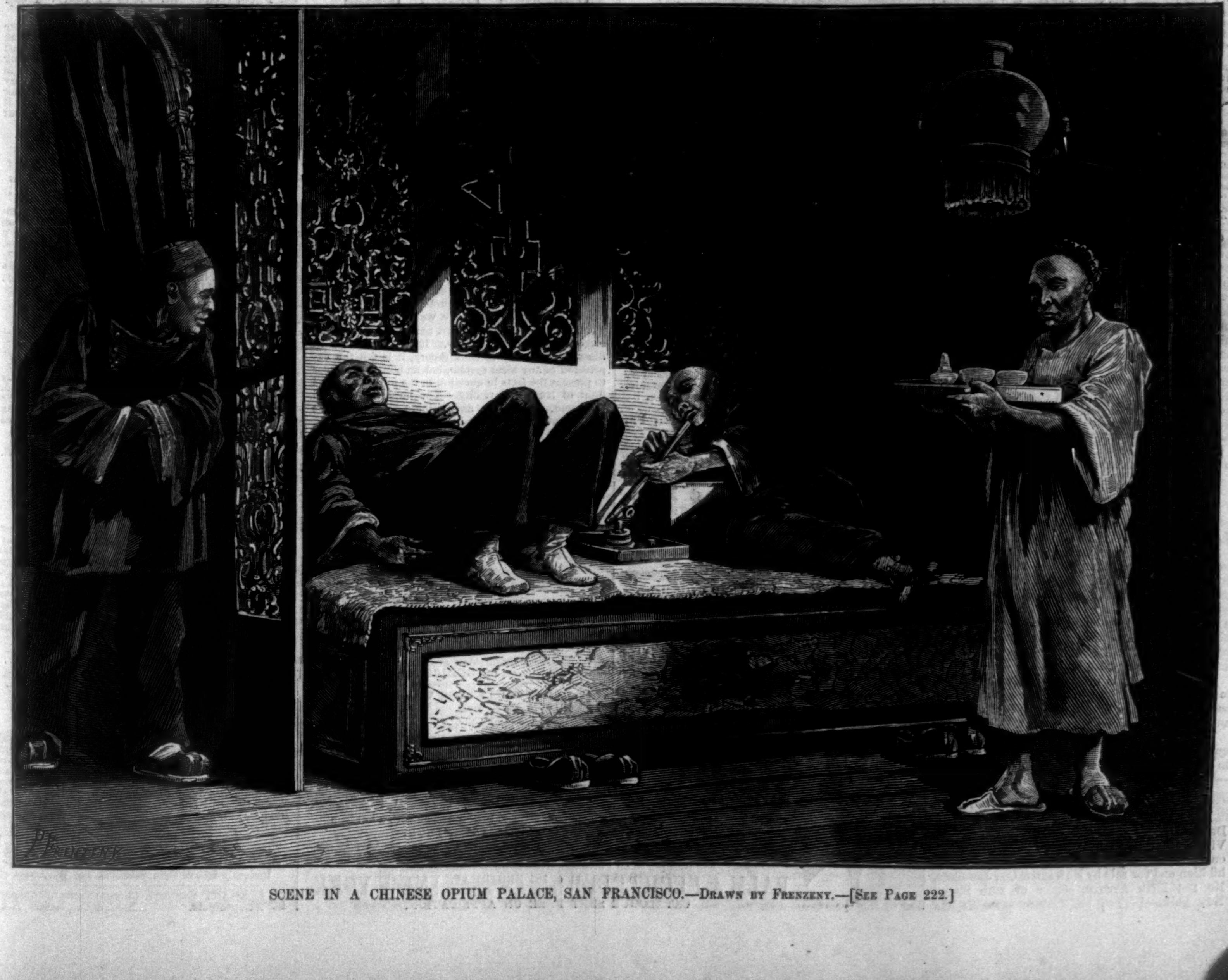
EASTER DECORATIONS.

TO CROWN ALL.

AS LONG AS WE ARE A "SOVEREIGN PEOPLE" WE ARE SAFE, AND OUR REPUBLIC IS IN NO DANGER OF A ONE-MAN POWER.



THE FIRST ELEPHANT BORN IN CAPTIVITY.—From a Sketch by E. Rothengatter.—[See Page 219.]



SCENE IN A CHINESE OPIUM PALACE, SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by Frenzeny.—[See Page 222.]

AN OPIUM PALACE.

On page 221 we give an illustration of an opium palace, as it is called, in the Chinese quarter in San Francisco. This is one of the many places to which our Celestial friends resort for the purpose of indulging in their favorite luxury of opium-smoking. There they may be seen, at all hours of the day and evening, in various stages of the stupor produced by this pernicious habit.

The consumption of opium in this country is by no means confined to the Chinese. It is spreading to an alarming extent among people of American birth. Even in small villages the drug is sold in large quantities for other than medicinal purposes. Once formed, the habit is even harder to break than that of drunkenness.

CHINESE WILLS.

When a Chinaman feels that his term of years may be brought at any moment to a close, and when he is the fortunate possessor of more or less real or personal property which he will be compelled to leave behind him upon earth, he usually makes a will. This, however, is by no means invariably the case; neither are testamentary documents so common as in England or America. On the other hand, many Chinese of all states and ages die leaving no written instructions behind them, and without having had time to deliver a nuncupative or verbal expression of their last wishes. The Chinaman very frequently divides his estate as fairly as he can into equal portions for his sons; and then, fearing lest one should be aggrieved by any deficiency or defect in the part allotted to him as compared with those given to the others, he will arrange that his sons shall draw lots among themselves as to the ultimate proprietorship of each. The drawing is all-important; it is sometimes registered at the local magistrate's yamên, and a record is always kept in the family, each son taking a copy, upon which document any or either of the brothers may subsequently sue or be sued. We now come to the will proper—a document drawn up by a Chinese testator with just as much care and formality as in any country in the world. It is occasionally written out by the testator himself, but more usually by an amanuensis, who signs in such capacity to the left of the testator's signature, the witnesses, never less than two, signing in a similar manner to the right. Of this will copies are made and signed, like the original, for distribution among the various legatees; though it is not uncommon, if the property is extensive, and the will of considerable length, to have copies made for the legatees containing only that part which refers to the particular legacy of each, prefaced by the semi-formal exordium with which every Chinese will begins. A wealthy Chinaman recently died, leaving his property to be divided among his five sons in certain proportions. Here is a literal translation of the will, all names, of course, being suppressed:

"I, ——— ———, the maker of this will, reflecting that after a youth spent in travelling over the waves at home and abroad, washed by the rain and combed by the wind, I have at length, with much scheming, gathered together some store of property in houses and land, all of which was acquired with the object of insuring a competency to my wife and children; and now reflecting further that old age is coming upon me, that I am already in the evening of my days, and that my tenure of life is insecure, I accordingly would wish to see an equal distribution of my property amongst you, my sons, before my death, in order that there may be no unseemly contentions between you when I am dead and gone. I would have you to carry on your father's reputation, that prosperity may result to you therefrom; and I call upon you not to disobey the commands I am now about to lay upon you.

"To my son ——— I hereby give and bequeath," etc.

"To my son —— I hereby give and bequeath," etc.

Of the introduction to this will, which was carefully signed and dated, five copies were drawn out, and to each was added one of the clauses beginning "To my son —— I hereby," etc. These were distributed among the five co-heirs, the complete will remaining in the family archives, the common possession of all. There is no such thing in China as a will made in secret and hidden away to be discovered after the testator's death. The whole ceremony is conducted with the usual Chinese publicity from beginning to end; probate ensues as a matter of course, and almost invariably without opposition of any kind whatever.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate affords nourishment to the Cerebral and Nervous systems.—[Com.]

Office of Josiah Barber & Sons,
Manf'rs of Woollen Goods and Carpetings,
Auburn, March 1, 1878.

H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs,—In answer to your inquiry, as to how we like your Paint, we are more than entirely satisfied with it. As you are aware, we are large users of paint, and of all that we have ever used, are satisfied yours is far superior; it is put on with less labor, covers better, flows more easily, has a better body, and, as far as our experience goes, will stand the weather better than any other paint we know of.

Your roof paint is unsurpassed; we used one coat on a tin roof, and to-day it looks as fresh, and the color is as bright, as when first applied, and there is no sign of its cracking.

We trust you will continue to maintain the quality of your Paints, as we expect to use them in future. Respectfully yours,

—[*Com.*] Josiah Barber & Sons.

Many curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by Howard & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

Savannah, Wayne Co., N. Y.,
December 20, 1879.

Messrs. Morgan & Allen, 59 John St., N.Y. City:

Gentlemen,—Seeing your advertisement about "Constitution Water" for curing diseases of the kidney and bladder—I am bothered in that way—please send me a circular. From an old man. If help can be had I would like to get it.

—[*Com.*] M. Wurts.

Savannah, Wayne Co., N. Y.,
December 27, 1879.

Messrs. Morgan & Allen, 59 John St., N.Y. City:

Gentlemen,—Your circular came duly to hand. Now I send you one dollar for one bottle of "Constitution Water." Please send by express. Our druggist don't keep it. M. Wurts.

—[*Com.*]

Savannah, Wayne Co., N. Y.,
February 20, 1880.

Messrs. Morgan & Allen, 59 John St., N.Y. City:

Gentlemen,—Within find two dollars. Please send me two bottles of your "Constitution Water;" the one you sent me, helped me right off. The third night I slept all night. Now I want some on hand. M. Wurts.

—[*Com.*]

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

RINGLETS BRIGHT

"That toss in the breeze like a thing of light."

She stood thus beautiful through the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Sold by Druggists.—[*Com.*]

It is almost unnecessary to draw attention to the advertisement of Moth Paper, which appears in another column, for all housewives and, we may say, all bachelors likewise, know what an expensive pest is the moth, and they will heartily welcome a pleasant, readily applied, and efficient exterminator of the enemy.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.
Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

HITCHCOCK'S CHEAP MUSIC.
"Turkish Reveille," 12 cents; "Fatinitza," 16 pages, 20 cents; "Sea Cadet," 20 cents. Mailed on receipt of price. Extra liberal terms to dealers. Catalogues free. Hitchcock's Music Store, 32 Park Row, New York.

THE KINGFISHER.
Everybody an expert fisherman. Catches every fish that bites. **Simple, Effective, and Durable.** Sample sent for 25 cents.
VACHÉ & CO.,
926 Fairmount Avenue, Phila., Pa.

ANTI-MOTH
PAPER.
Absolute Protection against Moths.
CHEAP, CLEAN, FRAGRANT, HEALTHFUL.
Sold by all Druggists.
CAMPBELL, HALL, & CO.,
Samples Free. 110 & 112 Nassau St., N. Y.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards, or 20 all Motto with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

ARNOLD,
CONSTABLE, & CO.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH DRESS GOODS.

A large and varied assortment of Spring Novelties in Polka Dot Barege de Virginia, Cachmire de l'Inde, Bayonaise and Tamese. Also, choice mixtures in All-Wool and Silk and Wool Suitings, Crèpon, Momie, and other Fancy Effects, together with the latest fashionable shades in Plain Material of every description.

Broadway & 19th St.

THE
Claudent.

BEST SCARF

EVER MADE.

This novel Scarf **FOR GENTLEMEN** derives its name from the Latin word "Claudio," to draw together. Owing to the ingenious construction of the shield, when adjusted to the wearer, the round corners draw inwards, conforming in its graceful outlines to the neck and chest. Examine carefully for the **Patent Stamp** on the back of each Scarf. None others are genuine. For sale at all first-class establishments.

FISK, CLARK & FLAGG, Patentees.

Hildreth's United States.

The History of the United States. *First Series.*—From the First Settlement of the Country to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution. *Second Series.*—From the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. (*In a box.*)

Uniform with the Cheap and Popular Library Editions of Hume, Macaulay, and Motley, which have been recently published.

It occupies a space which has not yet been filled, and exhibits characteristics both of design and of composition which entitle it to a distinguished place among the most important productions of American genius and scholarship. We welcome it as a simple, faithful, lucid, and elegant narrative of the great events of American history. It is not written in illustration of any favorite theory, it is not the expression of any ideal system, but an honest endeavor to present the facts in question in the pure, uncolored light of truth and reality. The impartiality, good judgment, penetration, and diligent research of the author are conspicuous in its composition.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

For Sale by all Stationers.
Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John St., New York.

EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND.—1880. The best Excursions ever planned. Send for pamphlet. E. TOURJEE, Music Hall, Boston.

BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE—The Peerless Worm Remedy and Mother's favorite—25c.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,
London, Eng.

READ THE NEW BOOK,
The CANARY,
MATING AND BREEDING.
Varieties, Care, Management, Disease, &c.
Handsomely bound and illustrated.
For sale at all Book and Bird Stores.
Price, 25c.; by mail, 28c. Published by the
SINGER GRAVEL PAPER CO.,
582 Hudson Street, N. Y.

Cuticura
MEDICINAL AND TOILET
PREPARATIONS.

Cuticura Remedies are simply elegant to use. No grease, no oils, no repulsive odors. From infancy to old age they are equally successful, safe, and reliable. Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, arrests disease, eats away dead skin and flesh, allays inflammation, itching, and irritation, soothes and heals Skin Diseases and Scalp Affections with Loss of Hair. It reproduces and beautifies the hair. The Resolvent must be taken internally for chronic humors. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, prepared from Cuticura, cleanses, soothes, and heals diseased surfaces, whitens, freshens, and beautifies the skin beyond all praise. It is an elegantly perfumed Toilet, Bath, and Nursery Sanative. The Cuticura Shaving Soap is the first and only medicinal soap prepared expressly for shaving, and is extravagantly praised by gentlemen.

SKIN HUMOR
On Face, Head, and Parts of Body. Head covered with Scabs and Sores.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter,—I commenced to use your Cuticura Remedies last July. My face and head and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my case is considered wonderful. It has been the means of selling a great many of your Cuticura Remedies in this part of the country.
Respectfully yours, Mrs. S. E. Whipple.
Decatur, Mich., *Nov.* 17, 1878.

MILK CRUST
On a Child's Head Cured.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen*,—Last summer my sister, while visiting in Boston, bought a box of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap for her little boy's head, who had the milk crust for more than two years, and for which she had tried almost everything, and exhausted the skill of several physicians. The Cuticura cured him, and he is now a fine, healthy-looking boy, with a beautiful head of hair.
Yours, Mrs. B. L. Bower.
143 Clinton St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SCALD-HEAD
For Nine Years Cured.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen*,—Since July last I have been using your Cuticura for Scald Head, and it has cured me when all medicine that I have taken for nine years did me no good. I am now using it as a hair dressing, but my head is well. It keeps the hair in very nice condition. Yours truly,
H. A. Raymond,
Auditor Fort Wayne, Jackson & Saginaw, R. R.
Jackson, Mich., *Dec.* 20, 1878.

DANDRUFF
Scales one quarter inch in thickness.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen*,—For the last twenty years I have been troubled about as bad as any one I ever saw with Dandruff. My scalp was completely covered with scales, sometimes nearly quarter of an inch in size. I considered it incurable. About two months since I purchased Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, and in about two weeks after commencing to use them I found the Dandruff entirely gone. My scalp is now as free from it and as healthy as it could possibly be. I feel it my duty to both you and the public to state the above facts.
Yours respectfully, Thomas Lee,
Sewing-Machine Dealer.
No. 2276 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES
For Skin, Scalp, and Blood Humors,

Are prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington Street, Boston, 21 Front St., Toronto, Ont., and 8 Snow Hill, London, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one half times the quantity of small, $1. Resolvent, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25 cts. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cents; in bars for Barbers and large consumers, 50 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS
Instantly relieve Pain, Soreness, and Weakness.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

SILK ORNAMENTS
PREPARED TO APPLY TO
Silks, Satins, Muslins, and any other Fabric,
By simply moistening the back of the picture, and pressing same with a hot iron.
PATENTED NOVEMBER 12th, 1878.
MINERAL DECALCOMANIE,
For Burning in on Porcelain, Articles for Decorating, &c., &c.
PALM & FECHTELER {781 BROADWAY, Opp. A. T. Stewart's.} NEW YORK.
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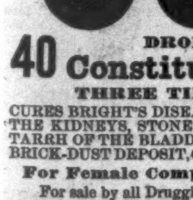

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